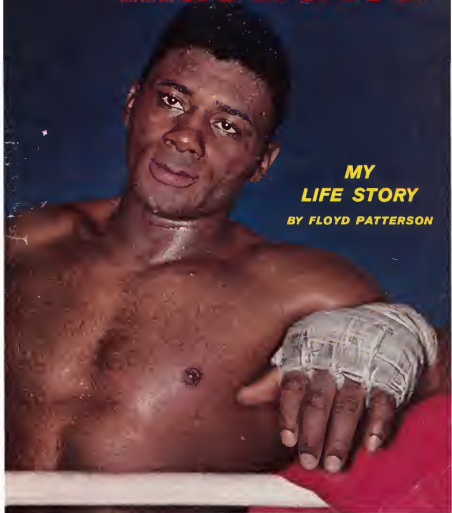


Sports Illustrated

WED. 12.11.82 \$5.00

MY LIFE STORY

BY FLOYD PATTERSON

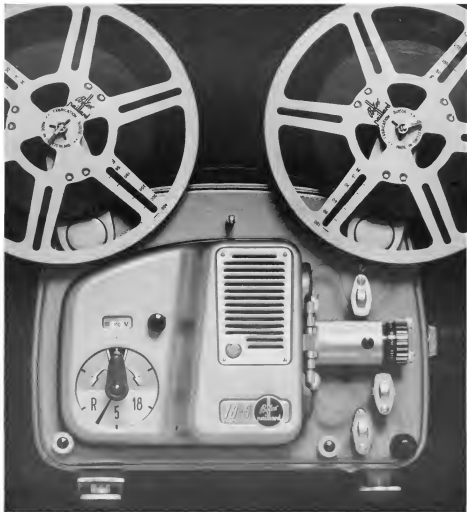




A Bolex can cost you your amateur standing!

Say goodbye to limitations. Bolex picks up where "aim-and-shoot" cameras leave off. Take the new Bolex Zoom Reflex 8, shown above. No amateur lens used here. The lens is Pan Cinor. Hollywood zooms with the same type of lens. You get the same zooming action—from closeups to telephoto—because you control the zooming speed. And viewing through the lens, you can't miss or mess a shot. It's such a perfect performer that we guarantee the results of the first roll of film you take with it. See your nearest Bolex dealer for full details on the Zoom Reflex 8. Priced at only \$330 (including F.E.T.). For illustrated literature, write:

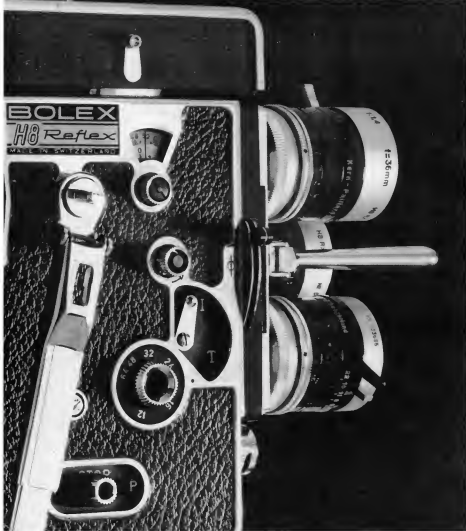
HALLARD INCORPORATED, 100 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 12, N. Y. IN CANADA: CARLTON FILMS LTD., TORONTO. OTHER HALLARD PRODUCTS INCLUDE THE BOLEX 16-5 PROJECTOR, HEARNS TYPEWRITERS AND ADDING MACHINES. **BOLEX**



Bolex 18-5: The projector that adds slow motion to any 8mm film.

Only the Bolex 18-5 shows any 8mm film in slow motion, regardless of shooting speed. Change smoothly from the standard 18 frames-per-second to 5 frames-per-second "Living Stills" with a flip of the switch. Your favorite scenes live almost four times as long on the screen! □ This exclusive slow-motion feature and the finest projection lenses available make it the most advanced home projector and an effective tool in business and industry. In-plant training films, time-and-motion studies, visual interplant memos and data recording films are projected bright and sharp without a flicker. □ Only \$159.50 with 15mm f/1.3 wide-angle lens, 400' reel and zippered plastic case. (Price includes F.E.T.) For literature and the name of your nearest Bolex dealer, write to:

PALLARD INCORPORATED, 100 SIXTH AVE., N. Y. 13, N.Y. IN CANADA, GARLICK FILMS LTD., TORONTO OTHER PALLARD PRODUCTS INCLUDE SWISS PRECISION REWRITERS AND ADDING MACHINES **BOLEX**



Bolex H-8 Rex: the 8mm camera that acts like a 16.

Now you can have it both ways—all the advantages of a 16mm camera with 8mm operating economy! The new H-8 Rex takes 100-foot rolls of "double-eight" film. Running time is equivalent to a 400-foot roll in a 16mm camera. Enjoy reflex viewing and focusing through the taking lens while shooting. Specially designed prime and zoom lenses get the most out of today's fast color films. Variable shutter. Film rewind. Filming speeds from 12 to 64 fps. Automatic footage counter. The new H-8 has them all, plus a wide range of accessories. Whether you are an ambitious amateur or hardworking professional, you can count on the Bolex H-8 Rex, \$450.00 with Switar $\frac{1}{2}$ " f/1.3 lens. PALLARD INCORPORATED, 100 SOUTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 13, NEW YORK. IN CANADA, GARLOCK FILMS LTD., TORONTO. OTHER PALLARD PRODUCTS INCLUDE THE SWISS-PRECISION BOLEX 16.5 PROJECTOR. **BOLEX**

Contents

May 28, 1962 Volume 16, Number 21

Cover photograph by Brian Stoll

20 Tracks Paved with Gold

In a happy 24-hour sphere, horse racing gives fresh proof it is one field where the boom is on

24 Now It's Up to You

Jack Kramer challenges the amateurs to play open tennis now that he has removed the stumbling block—himself

26 Yankee Downfall

There is the dirt law baseball's top player. Did the greatest chances of the top team lie with him?

28 Pepsodent Paul at the Point

Football hopes are running high at Arroyo—all because of a smiling new coach named Paul Dietzel

32 A Share in the Magic of Indy

Bernard Fuchs takes you to the "500" with thrilling paintings, and Kenneth Ruden previews its dramatic action

60 The Art of Class Boating

Lowell North, three times world Star champion, shows the techniques of fast, comfortable sailing in small boats

70 Out of the Night

In the first of three articles Floyd Patterson describes his progress from frightened boy to Olympic champion

The departments

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 11 Scorecard | 57 Baseball |
| 39 Motor Sports | 85 For the Record |
| 47 Track & Field | 86 Baseball's Week |
| 55 Bridge | 87 19th Hole |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue a year and second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash, U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$6.75 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: eastern, 81-84; special, 81-84.

As listed in previous issues, page 85

Next week

THE GIANTS of San Francisco, reinforced by elderly imports from the American League, have taken a firm grip on first place in the National League. Walter Bingham tells how.

TENNIS TACTICIAN Bill Talbert, former national doubles champion and Davis Cup captain, explains the strategies of singles in words and diagrams from his forthcoming book.

SCOTTISH DELIGHTS, among them salmon fishing, heuchling and whisky raising, are set forth—together with a travelers' guide to Skye—by Paul Hyde Borer.



DISTANCE DISTANCE DISTANCE DISTANCE

It's a long hike to your second shot when you play Spalding's Distance Dot. How that ball gets out there! True on the green, too. And the finish takes rough and traps in stride without losing its gloss. Play it and see. Sold through golf professional shops only.



SPALDING
sets the pace in sports

Sports Illustrated

Editor-in-Chief: Henry R. Luce
Chairman, Executive Committee: Roy E. Loran
Chairman of the Board: Andrew Heiskell
President: James A. Linn
Editorial Director: Hedley Donovan
Assistant Director: Albert E. Fark

Managing Editor: Andre Lagarde
Assistant Managing Editors: Richard W. Johnston
John Edley

Art Director: Richard Gargel

Senior Editors: Ezra Stover, Robert H. Boyle, Arthur L. Bruns, Robert Canfield, Robert Coombs, Andrew Cowther, Roger S. Hovland, Gerald Holland, Martin Kane, Percy Kruith, Harrison R. Mann, Jack O'Leary, Coke Pinner, Kenneth Tas, Roy Tennill, Whitely, Janet, Alfred Wright

Associate Editors: Walter Benjamin, Rex Cave, Lee Edwards, William Leppert, Gilbert Ross, Kenneth Rieken, Fred R. Smith, Les Woodcock

Staff Writers: Gwyneth S. Brown, Barbara Hoffman, Alice Higgins, Marion Hoon, Marvin Hyman, Virginia Kraft, Rex Linder, John Underwood, Roger Wilkins, Jo Allen Zell

Photography: PETERLIN GUNTER, Gerald Auer, ANTON, George J. Woodcock, Betty Dick, Dennis May, Stuart Pritzker, John G. Zimmerman, FORTNA, INC., FORTNA-RENS, Phil Smith, Jerry Cooke, Mark Kaufman, Richard Meek, Myron J. Newman, Hy Peskin, Herb Schurman, Art Slay

Writer-Reporters: Chris, Hoot Pizzanack, Peggy Dwyer, Gus Lord, Pamela Knight, John Lottrey, Arlie W. Schmitt, Herman Weisberg, Arthur N. Zich Jr.

Reporters: Mary Jane, Doreen Roper, Julie Lazaroff, Eugene Franks, Mary Jane Hodges, Felicia Lee, Rose Mary Meahan, Harold Peterson, Nancy Patricia Ryan, Morton Shrank, Paul R. Stewart, Janet Zich

Contributing Editors: Charles Goren (Lobby), Carlton Mitchell (Lobby), John O'Reilly (Lobby), Lester Snyder (Lobby), William F. Telford (Lobby)

Prediction: Gene Ulrich, William Gulagher (Lobby), Bruce Goodish (Lobby), Betty DeMott, Geraldine Spurgeon, Helen Taylor

Art Department: Harvey Gray, Marion Nathan, Richard Dwyer, William Brown, Jack Gargel, L. Mithy, Catherine Seifert, Thomas Vandeweyer

Administrative Assistant: Maureen Hanna

Editorial Associates: John Lockhart, Theodore Sophron

Special Correspondents: Cliff, Earl Burton, ANTON, Lorraine Mikuska, Antonio, John J. Edgar, Arthur (Lobby), Jimmy Barker, Baltimore, Walter Ward, Burt, Roger, Dan Hardaway, Reformation (Lobby), Dolly Connolly, Rose (Lobby), Les Baker, Buffalo, Dick Johnson, Carson City (Lobby), Gary, Santa Fe, Charles (Lobby), Warren Kane, Charlotte (Lobby), Bob, Quinn, Charleston (Lobby), L. Clark, Chicago, William Farling, Cincinnati, Pat Haines, Cleveland, Charles Haines, Columbus (Lobby), Kaye Kauter, Conrad (Lobby), Robert Dwyer, Dallas, Fern, West, Wes West, Denver, Bob Brown, Detroit, Pete Waldman, Greenville (Lobby), South Butler, Henry, Paul, John P. Conant, Houston, Jack Gargel, Jacksonville, Bill Kauter, Kansas City, Theresa (Lobby), New York, George Kauter, Lexington (Lobby), Ken Hollingsworth, Los Angeles, Jack Tobin, Louisville, Larry Borch, Miami, Edwin Pope, Minneapolis, C. R. Gordon, Norfolk, George Barker, Oklahoma City, Bob Dillingham, Omaha, Robert Pinner, Philadelphia, Gene Moore, Phoenix (Lobby), Annie Duncan, Pittsburgh, Eddie Brachler, Portland (Lobby), John White, Salt Lake City, Harry Govey, San Antonio, John Ames, San Francisco, Art Hovland, Seattle, Timothy Watson, Springfield (Lobby), Joe Dwyer, St. Louis, Bob Monahan, St. Paul (Lobby), Gordon Marston, Sonoma (Lobby), William Clark, Spokane (Lobby), Bill McGee, Waco (Lobby), Dave Campbell, Washington, D.C., Martin Zich, Wisconsin (Lobby), Mary Mulligan

Canada: Calgary, Bill Goble, Montreal, Arthur Sogel, Ottawa, George Bennett, Toronto, Rex Mackenzie, Vancouver, Eric Whitford

Foreign Bureau: Paris, Richard M. Charnin, Paris, John Boyle, London, Paris, Rome, Rome, Mexico, Johannesburg, Beirut, New Delhi, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Sydney, Mexico City, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires

Publisher: Selwyn L. Linn
Advertising Director: L. L. Callaway Jr.
General Manager: Raymond R. Aronson Jr.



POINT OF FACT

An Indianapolis "800" quiz to test the memory and increase the knowledge of the casual fan and the armchair expert

? The first Indianapolis "500" race was run in 1911. Who was the winner?

• Ray Harroun, whose time (6 hours, 42 minutes and 8 seconds) and average (74.59 mph) have been exceeded in every race since then. Harroun drove alone, managing without the customary riding mechanic by using an adjustable rearview mirror—the first ever used on an automobile. From 1912 to 1922 riding mechanics were obligatory, to prevent any more solo attempts. Single-seaters were allowed from 1923 until 1930, when the rules again prescribed a passenger. It wasn't until 1938 that the riding mechanic, long since an anachronism, was finally eliminated for good.

? Who was the first winner in average 100 mph or better?

• Peter De Paolo won the 1925 race with a 101.13 mph average. Not realizing the second-place car had lost a lap during a faulty pit stop, De Paolo raced with it for several laps, hub to hub, at full throttle. His record time held up until 1932, when Fred Frame averaged 104.14 mph.

? Has the Indianapolis "500" always gone the full 500 miles?

• No. The 1916 race, won by Dario Resta, was cut to 300 miles because Speedway President Carl Fischer felt that a 500-mile race was too long to hold spectator interest. No races were held in 1917 and 1918. In 1926 the race was stopped at the end of 400

continued

DELAWARE PARK

1962 Thoroughbred Race Meeting
Opens Monday, May 28

FEATURING:

THE DISTAFF BIG THREE

SAT, JULY 14—THE OAKS Est. Gross \$60,000
Three-Year-Old Fillies One Mile and an Eighth

SAT, JULY 21—THE NEW CASTLE Est. Gross \$40,000
Fillies and Mares, Three-Year-Olds and upward One Mile and a Sixteenth

SAT, JULY 28—THE DELAWARE HANDICAP Est. Gross \$130,000
Richest Race in the World for Fillies and Mares
Three-Year-Olds and upward One Mile and a Quarter

THE DELAWARE STEEPLECHASE AND RACE ASSOCIATION WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

DONALD P. ROSS, Pres.

LEWIS S. MUNSON, Jr., Treas.

BRYAN REID, Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

JOHN W. BOONEY, Asst. Treas.

HELEN E. STAIRWALT, Sec'y

LOOK AT ALL 3...

Compare
where it counts
and you'll buy the

DATSUN

4-Dr. Sedan \$1616



	DATSUN	Volkswagon	Sevrolet Gordis
3-speed, full synchromesh, column-mounted gearshift	YES	No	No
HORSEPOWER	80	40	40
WEIGHT	2000 lbs.	1831 lbs.	1419 lbs.
TOP SPEED	82 plus	72	78

Competitive info obtained from Manufacturers' brochures



Datsun Also Offers You:
4-Dr. Station Wagon . . . 1916
1/2-Ton Pickup Truck . . 1545
4-Wheel Drive "SUV" Patrol 2650
and
The Great New SPL 310 Sports Car

All Datsuns with 12 Months or
12,000 Mile Guarantee

All SAE ratings; Datsun can
be serviced anywhere, anytime.

Write for illustrated brochure and dealer list.

NISSAN MOTOR CORP., IN U.S.A.,
221 Frelinghuysen Ave., Newark, N. J.

1501 Clay Ave.,
Houston 3, Texas

137 E. Alondra Blvd.,
Gardena, Calif.



MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW

Sailing enthusiasts from all over the world will converge on Newport and environs September 15th when America's finest 12-meter yacht will meet Australia's challenger Gretel in the best out of 7 races for the world's most coveted sailing trophy.

SEE THE RACES IN COMFORT

Special first-four races excursion boat tickets available while they last—just \$48*. Single race tickets also available at \$15*... (Excursion boat tickets have priority on space for 5th, 6th and 7th races.) Large sea going motor vessels offer best visibility, comfort, bar, eating and entertainment facilities.

TIME & TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN:

Mail check, money order or contact:

RAYMOND AND WHITCOMB CO.

21 E. 51st Street
New York 22, N. Y.
PL 9-3965

FIRST IN TRAVEL SINCE 1879

Offices in: Boston, Philadelphia,
Providence, Newport, Miami

CDue 50% Fed Tax

POINT DE SACT *continued*

miles because of rain. After a one-and-a-quarter-hour halt and several caution flags Frank Lockhart was finally declared the winner. Rain also stopped the 1950 race after 145 miles, and Johnny Parsons was ruled the winner.

? What were the three closest fishers in the "S140"?

★ In 1937 Wilbur Shaw moved on. Ralph Hepburn by 2 1/16 seconds. The oil pressure in Shaw's Gilmore Special was dangerously low the last few laps (the rules prevented him from adding more oil). He nursed his car slowly around the track until Hepburn almost caught up to him in the last stretch. But Shaw had calculated perfectly. He jammed the throttle down and just beat Hepburn across the stretch of bricks in the finish line. Shaw's 113.5-mph average was a new record. In fact, the first four finishers broke the old record of 109.064 mph set the year before by Louis Meyer. The next closest race was in 1961 when A. J. Foyt noted Eddie Sachs by 8.3 seconds. In 1960 Jim Rathmann beat Rodger Ward by less than 13 seconds in a race in which the lead changed hands 29 times (breaking the record set in 1958 when there were 17 changes in the lead).

7 Did Barney Oldfield or Eddie Rickenbacker ever win the "500"?

• No. The best Oldfield could do was finish fifth in 1914 and fifth in 1916. His placing in 1914, however, was the best that year by an American. French drivers and cars took the first four places. Rickenbacker drove in five races. In the only one he finished, in 1914, he placed 10th.

? Who holds the record for the most victories in the "500"?

• Three drivers have each won three times—Lou Meyer (1928, 1933 and 1936), Walbur Shaw (1937, 1939 and 1940) and Maur Rose (1941, 1947 and 1948).

? Has an drive, besides Shaw and Rose, been that successful lately?

• Yes, Bill Virkovich won in 1953 and 1954. The only other double winner was Tommy Milton, who won in 1971 and 1973.

2 What driver raced at the "500" the most times?

- Cliff Hergens (1927-1947) und Chet Miller



tanned people, fun people, people who like to relax and people who like to go... come to the Caribe Hilton to have fun in the sun, dance in the daylight, feast on exotic food and drink, swim at our beach and two pools... and enjoy the luxurious service. Everything's fun, friendly, happily Hilton. But reserve early! It's the most popular hotel in the whole bright, joyful world.

EUROPEAN PLAN From \$17 single or \$20 double—May 15 to Dec. 14. See your travel agent, 420 City Hall Hotel in Carle Hotel, Reservation Office—(212) 676-0100 in New York.

Caribe
Hilton

SAN JUAN
PUERTO
RICO

ONE OF THE 7 GREAT
INNS OF THE WORLD

Cherry Hill Inn

Box 299 Haddonfield, N. J.
Normandy 2.7209

Visitors to the Philadelphia-Camden area have come to know and love this pleasant inn with its Dorothy Graper decorated guest rooms, lounges and restaurants, all air conditioned. Swimming pool, parking for 600 cars. Just 5 minutes from N. J. Tpk. Exit 4, 30 minutes to downtown Philadelphia.

Write for color brochure
Fred B. Clausen, General Manager



ADVENTURE

15 DAYS BEFORE THE MAZE from \$179
East Mole Beach MID May 1991 West 11
Museum Beach 10 PM 11 3 367

WIND-JAMMER CRUISES

(1930-1952) each drove in 16 races. Bergere came in third in 1932 and 1939. Miller finished third in 1938 and fifth in 1936.

? *What driver was the most consistent father over a span of years?*

• Ted Horn finished nine successive races (1926-1948; there were no races from 1942-1945). He was second once (1936), third four times (1937, 1940, 1946 and 1947) and fourth four times (1938, 1939, 1940 and 1948). He drove in only one other race (1935) and didn't finish.

? *What driver finished second the most times?*

• Harry Hartz, in five straight races, came in second three times (1922, 1923 and 1926) and fourth two times (1924 and 1925). Wilbur Shaw finished second three times (1933, 1935 and 1938) as did Bill Holland (1947, 1948 and 1950). In 1949 Holland won the race. Jim Rathmann also came in second three times (1952, 1957 and 1959). He finally won in 1960, his 11th start in the "500."

? *Has any driver—besides Harroun, the winner of the first race—won the "500" in his first attempt?*

• Rookie drivers who won the "500" were Jules Goux (who drank five pints of champagne during the race) in 1913, René Thomas in 1914, Frank Lockhart in 1926 and George Souders in 1927.

? *What race had the most starters?*

• Forty-two cars started the race in 1933. The rules, set in 1912, limited the "500" to 33 cars. In 1950, however, the rules were temporarily lifted to encourage stock-car entries. That year 38 cars started, and in 1931 and 1932, 40 cars started the race. In 1934 the Indianapolis "500" went back to the regulation 33 starters.

? *What race took the longest time to finish?*

• In 1912 Ralph Mulford, driving a Knox, was 100 miles from the finish line when his car developed serious clutch trouble. Nine cars had already finished the race, and the rest of the starters had withdrawn. In order to collect the \$1,200 prize money for 10th place, Mulford had to complete the 500 miles. He eased his car to 60 mph and continued to circle the track all by himself. With 17 laps to go, Mulford went to the pits and ate supper. Nearly nine hours after he started, Mulford finally crossed the finish line and collected the 10th-place prize money.

BEST GOLFING VACATION BUY OF THE SEASON



GRAND BAHAMA HOTEL AND COUNTRY CLUB OFFERS YOU 7 DAYS, 6 NIGHTS WITH ROOM, ALL BREAKFASTS AND DINNERS, PLUS DAILY GREEN FEES AT THE 'GOLFER'S SPECIAL' PRICE OF JUST \$99 PER PERSON, DOUBLE OCCUPANCY. You'll enjoy your rounds on our private play-at-your-own-pace 18-hole course. Take advantage of this low 'Golfer's Special' price 'til Dec. 15. For full details write Dept. S, P. O. Box 59-2375, International Airport, Miami, Florida.

GRAND BAHAMA HOTEL AND COUNTRY CLUB *Resort* WEST END, GRAND BAHAMA ISLAND, BAHAMAS

DEEP SEA FISHING, SAILING, SPIN DIVING, GOLF, SWIMMING, TENNIS, BOWLING, SHEET TRAP, NATIVE VILLAGE, SIGHTSEEING, SUPERVISED CHILDREN'S ACTIVITIES, BARGAIN SHOPPING, ENTERTAINMENT, REGULAR AIR AND BOAT SERVICE FROM W. PALM BEACH AND MIAMI.

Come Ye One and All... THE JERSEY DERBY AMERICA'S OLDEST DERBY



First run in 1864, the Jersey Derby is a classic for 3-year olds, at one mile and a furlong—with \$100,000 added! See this colorful race—the highlight of the spring meet—in the majestic setting of Garden State Park. It's the place to be!

MEMORIAL DAY POST TIME 2 P.M.

GARDEN STATE

Route 70, near Garden, N. J. • Easy to reach by train, bus or N. J. Turnpike (Exit 4)

Haymaker selects Greenwood's Brilliance 2000 for this clean-cut beach jacket and matching fisherman pants. Why Greenwood? Because Haymaker knows that back of every yard of Greenwood fabric is that dedication to the finest quality...the best performance. And because Brilliance 2000 tailors impeccably, looks smart and stays crisp with active wear; it's a wash-wear combed cotton...and, remember, it always adds up to 100% Greenwood quality!

GREENWOOD

Greenwood Mills, Inc., 111 West 40th Street, New York 18, N.Y. Jacket, about \$0.00. Pants, about \$12.00. White only, sizes 8 to 16. Julius Garlinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.; Bloomington's, New York and branches; Montabla's and branches, Henry Harris, Cincinnati; John Wamamaker, Philadelphia.

MOTOR SPORTS

Races and rallies through June 24

MAY 22

SCCA Central Division championship race, Grayling, Mich. (also May 27).

MAY 27

Nurburgring 1,000-kilometer race, Nurburg, West Germany.

MAY 30

Indianapolis "500," Indianapolis.

JUNE 1

NASCAR 200-lap race, \$3,000, Richmond. SCCA "On Wisconsin" national rally, Milwaukee (through June 3).

JUNE 2

SCCA national race, Bridgehampton, N.Y. (also June 3).

JUNE 3

Monaco Grand Prix, Monte Carlo, Monaco.

JUNE 5

SCCA Northeast Division championship race, Vineland, N.J. (also June 10). SCCA Pacific Coast Division championship race, Laguna Seca, Calif. (also June 10).

JUNE 10

USAC 100-mile national championship race, Milwaukee.

JUNE 12

Midnight Sun Rally, Stockholm, Sweden (through June 16).

JUNE 16

Alpine Rally, Marseilles, France (through June 21).

NASCAR 125-mile race, \$5,000, Norwood, Miss.

NASCAR 100-lap race, Islip, N.Y. SCCA Road America national race, Elkhart Lake, Wis. (also June 17).

JUNE 17

Belgian Grand Prix, Francorchamps, Belgium.

JUNE 22

NASCAR Grand National 200-lap race, \$4,200, Richmond.

SCCA Paul Bunyan national rally, Grand Rapids (through June 28).

SCCA Northeast Division championship race, Watkins Glen, N.Y. (also June 23).

JUNE 23

Le Mans 24-hour race, Le Mans, France. NASCAR 100-lap race, Belmar, N.J.

SCCA Central Division championship race, Indianapolis (also June 24).

SCCA Mt. Equinox Hillclimb, Manchester, Vt. (also June 24).

USAC 250-mile late-model stock-car race, Toronto, Ont.

JUNE 24

USAC 100-mile national championship race, Langhorne, Pa.

FABRICS
with the character of quality by
GREENWOOD

IN GOLF...

EXPERIENCE IS THE GREAT TEACHER

IN SCOTCH...

TEACHER'S

IS THE GREAT EXPERIENCE



© 1991 Teacher's Highland Cream Ltd. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced without written permission from Teacher's Highland Cream Ltd.

In Teacher's Highland Cream you have the end result of 130 years of experience in doing just one thing to perfection: creating a Scotch with unmistakable flavour and character. Making Teacher's has been a family craft since 1830 and its distinctive formula is strictly adhered to by William Teacher's three great-great grandsons.

It's the flavour... unmistakable

TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM SCOTCH WHISKY

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKY/46 PROOF/SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK





put this in mothballs.



put this on your car. New Amoco 120 Super Tire. Down with jacks and dirty hands and all that tire-changing jazz! On with new AMOCO 120 Super Tires! You wanted a better tire—and we went to work on it. We designed a tire strong enough to stand up to high-speed turnpike traveling and back-road thumping. We tested our new baby in blazing Texas heat at 120 mph to see how it stacked up. Other tires littered the landscape with thrown tread. This one kept coming back for more. The new AMOCO 120 is as trouble-free as a tire can be. (Your next new car really deserves tires this good.) And we hope jack-makers aren't too mad at us. You expect more from American—and you get it. **AMERICAN OIL COMPANY**





The document you are reading is **not** an original.
It is a copy made on a desk-top "Thermo-Fax"
Copying Machine. The paper is, as your eyes
are telling you, sparkling white. The quality
of reproduction is superb.

This copy was made in just 4 seconds.

White copies on a "Thermo-Fax" Copying Machine? You can bet your shirt on it!

Next time someone tells you that you can't make white copies on a "Thermo-Fax" Brand Copying Machine, don't argue. Instead, quietly coax him into a bet. He's sure to lose his shirt! Because there are no fewer than four different types of snow-white "Thermo-Fax" Copy Papers now available—each designed for a specific paperwork job. And at prices ranging down to a low, low 1.84 cents per sheet!

■ What's more, white copy paper is just one of the many exciting advances in "Thermo-Fax" Copying Products. Another advance is the new Thermo-Fax "Secretary" Copying Machine...

world's finest desk-top model. This compact beauty turns out dry, easy-to-read copies as fast as you can feed it. ■ The "Secretary" is amazingly versatile, too. It laminates, makes projection transparencies... even addresses labels for envelopes! ■ No matter what your copying problems, "Thermo-Fax" Copying Machines can solve them quickly, easily and economically. And we'll bet your shirts

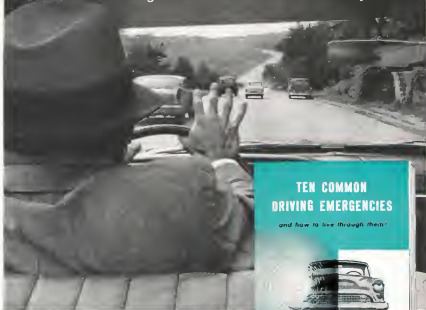
Thermo-Fax

COPYING PRODUCTS

on that! For more information, write 3M Co., Dept. DCM-5282, St. Paul 1, Minnesota.
■ P.S. With the new companion unit you can copy from every color—every signature, too!

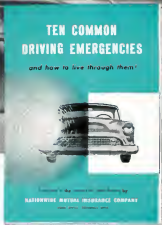
WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

You're going down a steep hill. You step on the brakes. They don't work. The car goes faster and faster. What would you do?



THIS FREE BOOKLET SHOWS HOW YOU CAN LIVE THROUGH 10 COMMON DRIVING EMERGENCIES.

Here's must reading for everyone who owns a car, and for every parent whose child has a driving license. Mail the coupon for your **free** copy, compliments of Nationwide Insurance. We insure nearly 3 million car owners, so we know from experience that accidents can be avoided when motorists know the **right** things to do. That's why we say this booklet may save your life. Send for your free copy — mail coupon today!



NATIONWIDE MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
246 No. High St., Dept. B, Columbus 16, Ohio

Please send me my free copy of **Ten Common Driving Emergencies — And How To Live Through Them!**

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY COUNTY STATE

Expiration date of present policy

Are you now a Nationwide policyholder? Yes ☐ No ☐

SI-54



Nationwide Mutual Insurance Company • Home Office: Columbus, Ohio

I am Amstel



Amstel is Holland. Amstel is a genial face that Rembrandt might have painted. Amstel is a sun-filled room and a tiled stove. Have some Amstel Beer tonight. There's contentment—there's the good life that the Dutch live—in every hearty draught. *Amstel of Amsterdam*—by Appointment to H.R.H., the Prince of the Netherlands.

Amstel American Corporation, New York 1, New York

SCORECARD

ROAD TO RIGHTEROUS RUM

Reform is much like a turnpike. Once you start on it, right way or wrong, there is no turning back. The reform that boxing needs depends governmentally on the Kefauver committee, since the sport wallows in its own rookery and will not cleanse itself. But the Kefauver committee dillydallies. Meanwhile, a bill has been introduced in the Louisiana legislature to prohibit professional boxing in that state. Its author is Francis Bickford, 45, of Hammond. Bickford took a sampling of his constituents and found them amenable: it will pass, he says, and become Louisiana law August 1.

Thus the torch will be lit. And though Louisiana is now small potatoes as a boxing state, the abolitionist movement will be on the turnpike, taking boxing the wrong way. States waiting for someone to lead them will have their lead. Too bad. As everyone must know by now, we are *for* boxing, though we *do* advocate federal controls (better resuscitate than eliminate). Kefauver's committee has made some noble speculations, and followed them up with no action. And if action isn't taken mighty quick, there may be no boxing left to act upon.

THE FIX (cont.)

The arrest of Jack Molinas last week by New York City police on bribery charges culminates the most bizarre and possibly the most significant pursuit in the college basketball scandals. Molinas, a bright, cocky young lawyer of 30, is a former star at Columbia who played one season with the Fort Wayne Pistons, then was barred by the NBA for betting on his own team's games. He knew for more than two years that the police were trying to make a case against him, and the police knew that he knew it. Nevertheless, Molinas, only two days before his arrest, laughingly refused an offer of legal aid and advice from a friend. This, as he insists, would seem to indicate that Molinas is really innocent—rather than just arrogant.

If the authorities prove correct in their conviction that Molinas conspired to

bribe 22 players at 12 colleges to fix 25 games, the way may be opened for exploration of even worse-smelling backwaters of sport. In that case it would seem inconceivable that Molinas does not have knowledge of the activities of fixers and other underworld figures around the country. And if Molinas talks about it, the continuing investigation may spread to college and professional football and professional basketball. One of the charges against Molinas is that he advised one of his clients to lie to a grand jury. The gravity of this charge—subornation of perjury is a felony—may induce Molinas to cooperate with the authorities in the hope of gaining leniency.

A HUMMIN' RABBIT

"Did you ever see a rabbit shot when it was running as fast as it could go?" asked Ralph Houk, the manager of the New York Yankees, shortly after his superstar, Mickey Mantle, had been injured. "The rabbit is dead but his legs keep spinning and he falls with a horrible thud. That's the way Mickey fell." Mantle, of course, had fallen while running to first base as fast as his often-injured legs could carry him, trying to beat out a ground ball against Minnesota last week. "He was," said Roger Maris, "really hummin' down the line and when he gets hummin' there isn't anyone who can run faster or give more."

The cause of Mantle's hideous fall (see page 26) was diagnosed to be a torn adductor muscle in the upper right thigh, compounded by a strained ligament behind the left knee. It will keep him out of center field for about a month. In that month the Yankees must play 18 games with Detroit, Cleveland and Baltimore—their principal rivals.

The loss of Mantle for any length of time hurts the Yankees in the field, at bat and in spirit, for Mantle is just as inspiring to his team as he is to his fans. Bob Schelling, the Detroit manager, said, "I guess I'm ready to go back home if they can replace that son of a gun." Added Cleveland Manager Mel McGaha: "The Yankees may be just another

ball club without him." Yankee Catcher Elston Howard was philosophical. "We won the [1961] World Series without him," Howard said, then paused. "Come to think of it, though, he had a lot to do with getting us into that Series."

For the Yankees, the question beyond the immediate question is this: will Mantle be back and able to give his everything in a month, and what about the three months after that?

LET BAO ENOUGH ALONE

In Little Rock, Ark., a town little noted for its awareness of the direction of world events, the march of progress has taken another broad step to the rear. The drillmaster in this case is one J. W. White Jr., who manufactures something called the Auto-Fisher, or the fisherman's yo-yo. The Auto-Fisher (Socks! a rival outfit calls it) is an enclosed reel with a windup spring inside. You strip out the line, heave the bait into the water, hang the yo-yo from a tree limb, and go home. A fish comes along and nibbles the bait, thus tripping the spring, and zip! (or sock!) he's up and out of the water, caught and waiting for you to come fetch.

Mr. White, there is enough wrong with modern fishing (electric baits, so-



nar fish finders, dull-witted hatchery fish) without adding another minus to the load. And there are enough baited, spring-wound lines set by other, more lethal predators (international diplomats and lonely women, to name just two species) without allowing the yo-yo concept to influence a bunch of simple anglers.

THE GALLERY EXPLOSION

It was not just the honeybee swarm of people that troubled golf officials at the Masters in Augusta last month, it was

continued



**Don't Stir
Without
Noilly Prat**

In the modern dry Martini, the accent's on the DRY. And to the educated palate, dry vermouth means Noilly Prat. This classic French vermouth is extra pale and Extra Dry.

Never stir without it!

NOILLY PRAT EXTRA DRY FRENCH VERMOUTH

VERY SMART ON THE ROCKS...CONTINENTAL STYLE. BROWN FROTHERS COMPANY, NEW YORK N.Y. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.



SCORECARD *continued*

the nature of the swarm. What historically had been a gallery of exquisitely mannered and knowing spectators seemed suddenly to turn into a bargain-basement mob. The reason was clear: big tournaments are attracting a tidal wave of nongolfers, just as the Kentucky Derby draws fans who don't know furlong from fetlock.

As a result, officials of the U.S. Open and PGA Championship have made some preventive moves. Oakmont Country Club, site of the Open, was asked to fill in several of its huge traps to facilitate crowd movement. Control will still be difficult because the course terrain limits spectator vantage points.

The Professional Golf Association has taken a bolder step for its tournament at Aronimink Golf Club, near Philadelphia: 7,500 bleacher seats will be built at strategic spots. "We had to do something drastic," said Ed Carter, an adviser to the club. But it may not be drastic enough. The best way to watch a golf tournament is to follow a leader through a series of holes. Seeing everybody play only one hole offers no more continuity or excitement than watching one inning of a baseball game.

The time has come for organizers of heavyweight golf events to seriously consider selling only as many tickets as their courses can comfortably accommodate. Such big-league sports as football, baseball and basketball do it that way. Professional golfers are as big league as any athletes. It's time the game's managers grew up, too.

DON'T ROCK THE ROCK

Unless dear reader is a pelican himself, odds are pretty slim he can tell a boy pelican from a girl pelican. When the matter came up before the House of Commons in London last week, the Crown admitted that after 10 years it was still unable to make the distinction among pelicans in St. James's Park. All that could be said was said by Minister of Works Lord John Hope, who announced that a recent "post-mortem examination has revealed that Wilfred, one of two North American pelicans... was appropriately named." The survivor, he added with measured implication, was now sharing the same rock as an Eastern White.

"Can my noble Friend say... from his observations of their activities on the rock... whether there is likely to be a

continued



The TR-4: IT WON ITS FIRST MEDAL STANDING STILL

Triumph's new sports car won its first gold medal only six days after its introduction. A first prize for coachwork at the famous Earls Court Show, London. The TR-4 took this one standing still. No wonder. For a mere \$2649,* the TR-4 gives you leather bucket seats, thick carpets, an ingenious and completely rain-proof top, new roll-up windows... and a collection of luxuries you used to find only in marques costing thousands more. How will the TR-4 do on the road? Let's put it this way: its companion,

the TR-3, won more silverware from rallies than any other car in history. The TR-4 has even more power—plus higher torque, wider track, more sensitive steering, synchromesh in all forward speeds. So stand back! As for fun: the TR-4's responses are much brighter and quicker than any ordinary car's possibly could be. And it's quite a feeling when you're going 40, to know you could be doing 110. Ask one of the 50,000 U.S. Triumph owners. Better yet, get a test drive at any of the 650-plus Triumph dealers in all 50 states and Canada.



TRIUMPH

*MSRP. Excludes destination charge, taxes, license, and optional equipment. Dealer price may vary. © 1965 Triumph Motor Company Limited, Birmingham, England.

SOMETHING SPECIAL at both ends of the Earl Buchholz racket

The power bow on this Earl Buchholz personal model racket has an extra-tough fibre reinforcing strip that means extra years of life. The perforated leather grip is longer, allowing use of the proven Buchholz extended grip. See it—the finest tennis racket money can buy. Three other Buchholz models to choose from, too.



SCORECARD

happy event before long or whether they should be described only as "just friends" wondered Sir Tufton V. H. Beamish.

"As the rock warms up during the summer," Lord John replied, "we may, perhaps, find out."

GALE WARNING

Last week a lull gale blew through the misty attic of tradition where the America's Cup resides. The wind was Australian, and its name was Sir Frank Packard. Sir Frank touched down to discuss his sloop *Gretef's* forthcoming cup challenge, and to tighten a few screws in his international publishing-television empire. The moment he hit New York, it was obvious that here was no good loser in the fuzzy, sea-leaf tradition of Sir Thomas Lipton.

In one 24-hour period he 1) took on the entire New York Yacht Club at a formal dinner and showed the commodores some good early foot. "Everyone has been so kind and thoughtful, all with but one intent—to beat the hell out of me"; 2) wiped out a fleet of American yachting writers with his suggestion that the forthcoming side-by-side shipment of *Gretef* and her trial horse *Sam* may produce "a little one by the time they get here"; 3) squared off against a collection of businessmen, one of whom wanted to know what prompted Sir Frank to make the challenge.

"Alcohol," said Sir Frank.

Had the Australian government helped to underwrite the project?

"They've given us a lot of smiles, but they haven't kicked in yet."

What would he say the odds were on *Gretef's* chances?

"Six to one against."

Was not the whole British Commonwealth of Nations proud of his challenge?

"All we've got so far's a sharp note from the palace."

With that, the gale blew off toward the Pacific again, leaving the attic much refreshed.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• Houston will have trouble keeping construction costs of its new domed stadium (SI, March 26) within the \$15 million bond provision, since the Federal government quashed a \$2 million grant. Expected economies: elimination of theater-type cushions, reduction of wall thickness, one coat of paint instead of two and cheaper concession-restaurant

DEEP DOWN DEPENDABILITY

Zodiac
SEA WOLF
DATOGRAPHIC
THE TIME AND DATE AUTOMATICALLY

The Adventurer's Watch... In or out of the water. The newest Sea Wolf, tested to an undersea depth of 660 ft., changes the date automatically. Waterproof*, perfect for skin divers... self-winding, perfect for you.

- 17-jewel precision self-winding movement
- movable bezel with minute calibrations
- large, easy to read, radium blocks and hands
- shock-resistant, anti-magnetic
- unbreakable lifetime mainspring and balance staff
- slim stainless steel case and band
- white or black radium dial, sweep-hand



\$110. Fed. Tax included
Sea Wolf available without date feature. \$100. F.T.T.

*Waterproof, so long as crystal is intact, case unopened and original seal is restored if opened for servicing.

ZODIAC WATCH COMPANY, 15 West 44 Street, New York 36, N. Y.





500/XL: Personal Launching Pad!

The countdown for action starts the instant you step into Galaxie 500/XL. For here's a full-size missile designed to make any stretch of concrete feel like a horizontal launch pad.

Under the hood is gale-force potential born of five Galaxie V-8's, topped by a mile-splitting 405-hp version with a four-speed floor shift. You can also get the versatility of three-speed Cruise-O-Matic Drive with three of these V-8's—and it, too, puts the precision of a console-mounted selector lever under your right hand. In the cockpit, deep-foam bucket seats cushion the thrust of take-off. And, providing a fashion choice to dazzle the driver's companion are seven interior trim combinations, each as individual as Galaxie performance, tasteful as the deep-pleated fabrics in the contoured rear seat, and as chic as—oops, her hat!*

Galaxie 500/XL is ready and fueled at your Ford Dealer's now...and its condition is GO.

*Optional at extra cost.

A PRODUCT OF  MOTOR COMPANY

**Liveliest of the
Lively Ones from
FORD**





Firestone

Your Symbol of Quality and Service

You and other Firestone customers have accepted this name as a symbol of quality and service, and a mark of value for over 62 years. But have you ever wondered why? What it means to *you*, personally? And what Firestone does to keep this name so meaningful to you? It's worthwhile knowing . . . especially before you buy your next tire.

"I've had good luck with Firestone tires." That's how many steady customers explain their loyalty. While "good luck" is a natural way of expressing satisfaction, we'd like to point out that Firestone's reliability is anything *but* a matter of chance. *No part of your car is more thoroughly*

proved than its Firestone tires! Millions of test miles a year see to that. Many tire companies would be happy if their total tire sales brought in the money that Firestone puts into testing! No wonder Firestone keeps coming up with features that stretch tire mileage and add to driving safety. Sure, people

have "good luck" with Firestones. You will, too—when you buy, terms or charge, at any of Firestone's 60,000 Dealers and Stores where experienced tire men know tires and tire service best. *They know because tires are their business. You know what you're getting when you buy Firestone!*

The Firestone DeLuxe Champion, illustrated, carries a GUARANTEE for the life of the original tread against defects in workmanship and materials PLUS a 24-MONTH GUARANTEE against road hazards. Both guarantees provide for replacements based on tread wear, and are honored by 60,000 Firestone Dealers and Stores throughout the United States and Canada.

Copyright 1963, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company



Keep your assets and liabilities



in handsome shape

Your credit and cash can be in perfect balance in this trim, slim case. There's a place for everything—spacious pockets for your credit cards, for Charge-Plates and a silk-lined compartment for money. Extra dividends: removable card case with 8-place, see-through windows; alphabetized name and address index. Carry it always... it's a credit to your appearance!

Imposed Meritco \$7.50. Others from \$5.95. All add tax.

Credit Fold PRINCE GARDNER®

Prince Gardner Co., 12115 E. Ringwood Ave., Suite 100, P.O. Box 10000, Denver, CO 80231.

SCORECARD continued

equipment. But there *will* be a dome.

- South Africa's frenzied apartheid government has now ruled that no mixed sports teams can compete even outside the country. So watch for the 96-member International Soccer Association and ultimately the International Olympic Committee to boost South Africa out.
- The Chicago Black Hawks will try to dispose of one of their "Million Dollar Line," Right Wing Murray Balfour, at the intral league draft June 4-6 in Montreal. Reason: Balfour broke an arm in 1961 and still has trouble with the stick.
- The NCAA, in its running jurisdictional dispute with the AAU, scored heavily last week when the Big Ten and Big Eight, following the lead of the Eastern, Atlantic and Southwest conferences, officially endorsed the embryonic track, gymnastic and basketball federations. Expected to do likewise: the West Coast's Big Five when it meets in June.

THEY SAID IT

- Stan Musial, after his 3,430th base hit, tying Honus Wagner's all-time National League record. "Looking back over the last two decades, I feel that right now I'm playing in the best era of baseball. I saw the change from a pitcher's to a batter's game, I saw the introduction of the livelier ball, and I saw the breakdown of the color line. All these changes were for the better."

- Archie Moore, in a report to the *Irish Free Press* of London on Alejandro Lavarante: "All Lavarante needs to be the next great heavyweight champion is a year's conditioning period. I could take him in hand and get his legs and his hand in shape, and I think he'd give Patterson and Liston fits."

- Bruce Crampton, the Australian who blew the Colonial on the 18th hole two days in succession, when Arnold Palmer came into a press conference and sat on a couch beside him: "This is probably the closest I'll get to him all week."

- Pete Reiser, Dodger coach, on the slump-mending measures of Frank Howard: "Howard had a tough time learning the strike zone. We worked on it and worked on it. So now he lays off pitches a shade outside or a shade high, the ones he used to drive out of the park."

- Syracuse Coach Ben Schwartzwalder, after watching Army's spring football scrimmages: "I counted 16 assistant coaches. I recall days at Muhlenberg when I didn't have 16 players."

ENO



"I am Jimmy Demaret... and this is Gary Player and Doug Sanders, two of the top three leading money winners on the 1961 golf tour, and Gene Littler, 1961 National Open and 1962 International Champion. 'We all play First Flight steel power center golf balls and first flight registered swing weight clubs built to our personal designs.'"

**CUSTOM BUILT TO FIT YOU
at no extra cost!**



Sold only
in
Pro Shops

"Your club professional can give us specifications and we will custom make your clubs to exactly fit you and your style of play. They will lower your score and bring new fun to your golf game!"

And don't forget the
"greatest success in golf ball history"

First Flight
Patented Steel Power Center
GOLF BALLS



First Flight balls and clubs won:

- 1961 Masters • Colonial • Met Springs
- New Orleans • International • Sunshine
- Tucson • Tournament • Sejan Classic
- 1962 National PGA Club Championship
- International • New Orleans • Pensacola
- St. Louis

FIRST FLIGHT COMPANY

62-18 Chattanooga 5, Tennessee



It takes two to scuba

If you scuba in twos, it's safer. If you scuba in Voit gear, it's easier and more comfortable. Ask any diving pro. He's familiar with safety and he's familiar with Voit. He can tell you that Voit's new 50 cu. ft. tanks give you twenty percent more underwater time than you formerly got from portables. Try our improved Snuggpack[®]. You'll get hours of increased comfort... makes tank-toting a cinch.

Take a peek around your pro shop. You'll

find that we also make masks with exclusive features such as one-way water exhaust valves and manual depth equalizers. You'll also discover fins, snorkels, gauges... everything you need to be "best dressed" underwater... all made with Voit quality[®].

Ask your pro for Voit equipment. Let him give you the facts on underwater safety. When you and your partner are learning to scuba, he's one third that doesn't make a crowd.

AMF

Voit.

A Subsidiary
of American
Marine &
Boatbuilding Co.

W. L. Voit Budiver Corp.
Los Angeles 11 • Chicago 11
New York 11 • Atlanta 2

Sports Illustrated
MAY 25, 1968



Alan Geller

TRACKS THAT ARE PAVED WITH GOLD

Racing, which routinely registers spectacular statistics, goes on a happy 24-hour splurge featuring some long-shot winners, rich prizes and stirring competition—fresh evidence that this is one field where the boom is on



MOST STARTLING TRIUMPH IS SCORED BY THOR HANOVER (NO. 10), 71-TO-1 WINNER OF ROOSEVELT RACEWAY'S MESSENGER STAKE

In 24 hours last weekend—between 7 p.m. E.D.T. Friday and 7 p.m. Saturday—400,000 Americans bet \$26 million on 262 horse races at 78 tracks across the nation, or about \$65 apiece. (These sums went through the legal pari-mutuel machines; some informed estimates put betting with illegal bookmakers at three to five times the legal figure.)

Horse racing—Thoroughbred and harness—is the nation's No. 1 professional spectator sport, and it is still growing (attendance and betting are up 3% and 6% in the New York area this year). Those 400,000 Americans had a weird

and wonderful time trying to find those 262 winners.

The two biggest races of the weekend were the Preskness at Pimlico in Baltimore and The Messenger at New York's Roosevelt Raceway. Oddly, the No. 10 horse in each race—Greek Money at Pimlico and Thor Hanover at Roosevelt—won. Neither was the favorite in his race, Thor Hanover paying off at the huge price of \$144 for a \$2 bet. Thor's victory proved what harness horsemen have long suspected: his driver, John Sampson, is the wildest gentleman to come out of South Carolina since Fran-

cis Marion, known to students of the American Revolution as the Swamp Fox. Beneath a mist-shrouded full moon, as 37,335 fans watched in noisy astonishment, Foxy John swooped out of his favorite lurking place—out of the blue, that is—to win this richest of harness races in the final strides. He collected not only the driver's standard 10% of the \$84,715 winner's share but also some \$19,000 on his own one-quarter interest in the horse.

So much of a dark horse was Thor Hanover and so moonstruck were the bettors by another colt, that they al-

(continued)

lowed Simpson to get away at a price of 71 to 1 while lavishing \$170,652—the largest sum bet on any horse in Roosevelt's 23 years—on the previously undefeated Adora's Dream.

Simpson, a weathered man of 42, saw the result as a simple lesson in handicapping. "Never discount an Adios," he said afterward. And, in truth, the fabulous standardbred sire (St. May 14) fared well. This was the seventh Messenger; Thor Hanover was the fifth winner sired by Adios. Another Adios colt, Lehigh Hanover, was third. Even poor Adora's Dream, beaten half a length by Simpson's horse, is out of an Adios mare.

The race provided another lesson; never, but never, count Simpson out when there is a rich pot to be plundered. And never was so wicked a thrust so well masked. In preparatory races Adora's Dream, a bay son of Knight Dream, had twice overwhelmed the Messenger field of top 3-year-old pacing colts. In both races Driver Morris MacDonald's strategy was the same. He hustled Adora's Dream into the lead and never gave it up. That he could breeze home in the first race after what should have been an exhausting first quarter (paced in 28½ seconds) made him seem a wonder horse. He was in The Messengers because a Long Island horseman thought enough of his chances to put up \$16,500 in supplementary nomination fees (the owner of the horse had not paid him up in the usual way). What of Thor Hanover? He was a lackluster seventh in the first prep, a dismal sixth in the next.

"He's not made of sugar, this son-of-a-gun," said MacDonald of Adora's Dream. "He's brave. He's a racehorse. And he has manners. I don't say he's a superhorse, but if they beat him in The Messenger they'll have to outluck him."

As the largest crowd of Roosevelt's spring meeting assembled, Johnny Simpson, loafing in the drivers' locker room, had a look of potent resignation. A reporter halfheartedly reminded him that he had been known to point for prestige races, and Johnny, a winner of all the other big ones at one time or another, replied, "I'm afraid the point isn't very sharp tonight."

Simpson seemed concerned about Stanley Dancer, whose horse, Lehigh Hanover, was thought to be the top Adios colt in The Messenger. Dancer had drawn Post 6, just inside of Adora's Dream. "I'm afraid that horse will go

past you so fast," Simpson told Dancer, "you'll catch cold in the draft."

"You don't scare me," said Dancer. "And anyway, Lehigh can't read the papers. He went a fine trip last week, parked out every step of the way, to get second money."

Simpson confided, however, that his mood was not one of utter despair. "I don't believe," he said, "that Thor has shown me what he can really do. It's not physical, it's all in his mind. He gets to the five-eighths pole all right and then he seems to stop trying from there to about the seven-eighths pole. I've been schooling him some—using the whip to wake him up—and I've put a closed bridle on him so he won't be able to gawk around at other horses. Maybe he won't be so dilatory tonight."

Oblivious to Simpson, who had the 10th and last post—starting in the second tier—the crowd had eyes only for Adora's Dream and Lehigh Hanover as they raced for the lead. Lehigh kept the favorite outside until near the half, which was paced in a sizzling 59½. When Adora's Dream cut in to the rail, the chalk players mentally cashed their bets.

Simpson was eighth around the first turn of Roosevelt's half-mile track and still eighth at the quarter. Moving out from the rail, he was seventh at the half, then fourth, but was blocked from the rail as Adora's Dream led Lehigh into the clubhouse turn the second time around. Near the final turn Simpson got a break, and took quick advantage of it. The third-place horse, Ranger Knight, moved out to challenge the leaders, and Simpson took Thor in, thereby saving much precious ground in the turn. Straightening out in the home-stretch he was equally fortunate. He found a hole and spurred free, into the middle of the track, to make his own challenge. Down the stretch, head and head, flew Adora's Dream, on the rail, and Lehigh. And now the screeching crowd noticed Simpson. He was in among the chickens at last, and he gobbed them up in a grand, whip-fluting drive, the favorite saving second place from Lehigh by a scant head. That's time for the mile: 2:01½.

"I knew at the head of the stretch," Simpson said later, "that I could take those other horses." Then, with a mild, contented smile, John Simpson put away his old-fashioned silver-rimmed driving specs and softly vanished into his lair.

—KENNETH RUDEN



THE ACCUSER: GUILTY

THE ACCUSED: NOT GUILTY



THE PREAKNESS: COURAGE BEATS GALL

Of the 33,854 sweltering souls who were present for the honest stretch duel between Greek Money and Ridan in the 86th Preakness at Pimlico last Saturday, few were aware that they were seeing one of the most shockingly dangerous runs for the money since Don Meade and Herb Fisher went at each other like two angry stingrays in the 1933 Kentucky Derby.

There was a difference at Pimlico, however. While both horses were battling with honest, all-out courage, only one of the jockeys let his highly competitive instincts run amok.

It is not surprising that the jockey was Manuel Ycaza (*top, left*), a brilliant rider whose exploits of bold and sometimes reckless daring have earned him innumerable penalties from racing officials. Ycaza cannot stand the idea of losing any horse race, and the thought of losing one in which the winning jockey would receive \$13,580 was enough to set off his famous Panamanian temper.

His adversary, by contrast, was an almost equally gifted rider named John Rotz (*bottom, left*), a 27-year-old from Decatur, Illinois who is the personification of calm, polite efficiency. So gentlemanly was John Rotz at Pimlico last weekend that he was content to win the Preakness on Greek Money by a nose and never bothered to mention that Ycaza had done his best to lay him out on the infield among the hand-painted black-eyed Susans.

Instead, it was the loser, Ycaza, who rushed to claim foul, on the audacious but untenable grounds that Rotz and Greek Money had bumped and bothered Ridan in the last 70 yards. This was a high show of gall, but the track stewards took Ycaza's claim under consideration as they studied the film patrol immediately after the race. The film was a revelation.

From the time Ridan bore out slightly while leading around the final turn into the stretch—an odd move by Ycaza that permitted Rotz to sneak through on the inside—the pair of them left the field behind and fought it out alone. The lead then changed hands at least three times. At the 16th pole Ridan was in front by a neck. At the 70-yard pole they were dead-heated. It was there, claimed the indignant Ycaza, that "Greek Money came out and bumped me." The camera said no.

"In the last three strides," Rotz remarked afterward, "I thought I was finished. I had done everything I could and still couldn't get by Ridan. As we hit the wire I gave it everything I had. I threw myself and my reins with every ounce of forward thrust."

What was Ycaza doing then? The camera showed that he had taken matters into his own hands—or at least into one of them. He had leaned over on Rotz and shot his left elbow squarely into John's chest.

Rotz was lucky to have avoided a nose dive over the rail just as Greek Money nosed over the line.

For his brash claim of foul and his disgraceful attempt against a fellow rider, Ycaza was set down for 10 days, and this penalty may be increased. Had he won the race he would have been disqualified.

The 11-horse Preakness field, perhaps the best in many years, staged a sparkling race even before the Rotz-Ycaza duel in the stretch. But there were some disappointing performances, too. One, of course, was Decidedly's and another was Jaipur's. At the start Jaipur was hurt most by the traffic jam, and to get out of it Bobby Ussery put his colt on the lead. Sunrise County went with him, as did Ridan and Roman Line. Rotz had Greek Money in perfect shape behind these four, while Decidedly lay back in ninth place, waiting to move at the half-mile pole.

Up the backstretch Ridan was about to take the lead, and as they went into the far turn it was plain that Jaipur was about to call it quits and that Decidedly was not going to make his expected move. Up to this point, too, Crimson Satan had been running well and appeared to have a chance to catch the leaders, but here he suddenly died. Turning for home, Rotz barreled through on the rail to challenge Ridan, and for the others the race was over. Roman Line again ran well, to be third, while Vimy Ridge closed well to be fourth and made his backers think even more seriously of him as the horse to beat in the Belmont Stakes at a mile and a half next month. There he, along with such non-Preakness starters as Cyrano, Cyane (no relation), Donut King and Nassau Hall will join in the most important race, from a breeder's standpoint, for any 3-year-old. Decidedly, who obviously didn't like Pimlico's cuppy track, should be there; so will Jaipur if he is all right, and so will Greek Money.

The Preakness winner, who went off at nearly 11 to 1, is a homebred chestnut son of Greek Song, owned by Donald Ross, the president of Delaware Park. He is trained by Buddy Raines, who, if he ever decides to give up his job, could easily make it as a song-and-dance man. Greek Money was no world-beater last year, winning only three of 16 starts. But then Ross and Raines showed the sort of wisdom that pays off at this time of year. They freshened Greek Money up with a long winter rest at the farm and started him only three times before the Preakness. They skipped the Derby on purpose and shipped into Pimlico two weeks before the big race. Greek Money was the only horse in the Preakness to get a race over the track. Foresight and patience were rewarded to the sweet tune of \$135,800.

—WHITNEY TOWER

For years the mossbacks of amateur tennis have insisted they would all be for open tennis—if only that terrible fellow Jack Kramer weren't waiting to grab control of it. After 10 years as a professional promoter, Kramer is quitting. To the mossbacks he says:

NOW IT'S UP TO YOU

by JACK KRAMER

Drawing by Saul Lowberr



Six months from now I hope to be out of professional tennis—for good. The old dictator is giving up control. Does that sound impossible? Well, it's true. I've begun arrangements to turn over my professional tour operations to the International Professional Tennis Players Association, a group formed by the professionals themselves. Then I'll let the association do what I haven't been able to do—bring the pros and amateurs together for the good of the game.

Why am I getting out? Not because I've been losing money (though Lord knows pro tennis is no gold mine) but because I suddenly realized that my presence in professional tennis is actually retarding the development not only of professional tennis but of tennis as a whole. As long as I'm around, amateur officials all over the world can use me as their excuse for not going ahead with open tennis. "How can you be for open tennis," they've been asking each other, "when you know it will fall into the hands of Kramer?"

As a matter of fact, my intention has never been to take control of tennis, but simply to bring both factions of it together for their mutual benefit. Many of

Copyright © 1967 Time Inc. Magazine Inc.

the amateur officials, however, have never believed this, so we've reached an impasse. There are other factors in my decision as well. One is the knowledge that the public will no longer pay to see the amateur champions when I add them to my troupe. I can't really blame them. Today's amateur champions, so-called, are simply not worth the money. They no longer have a chance to develop. Without the benefit of years of toughening competition, they are no match for the established pros and each year's new crop looks weaker and weaker.

Another trouble lies in the fact that the best amateurs are already making more money out of tennis than I could afford to pay them as pros. Take Laver and Emerson. They're doing so well that each of them wanted a two-year guarantee of \$50,000 to turn pro. I know that neither of them could ever bring that much to the tour. Stacked up against the veterans, they'd finish each tournament right at the bottom and soon they'd be no gate attraction at all. At one point I thought of going as high as \$40,000 apiece to get them, but I decided against it—and now I'm glad I did.

Stalemate

In any case, to sign up any more amateurs would only serve to prolong the stalemate that has arisen between the amateur associations and me. As long as the professional game is controlled by one man, the amateurs will be afraid to expand in the direction of open tennis. Now they'll have to find new reasons for not adopting open tennis.

Let me say that my decision to get out is no sign of disenchantment with tennis in general or with pro tennis in particular. My affection for tennis is so great that I want it to prosper—with or without me. And I still feel that a strong pro game is essential to the growth of the sport as a whole. Professionals devoting their whole time to a game can reach a level of skill impossible to amateurs under the present setup. The professional game provides the kind of competition and heroes a sport needs to excite young-

sters and make them want to participate themselves. What's more, it gives the best amateurs something to shoot for in the future. In other sports, turning professional at the top of an amateur career is a natural thing to do, but in tennis it's usually a step down. You step out of—not into—the limelight. Why can't you keep playing tennis and make an honest living at it too? There should be some goals in this game for the ambitious amateur besides silver trophies and the Davis Cup.

Two years ago, in my own living room, nine professional players and I formed the International Professional Tennis Players Association. The big vote on open tennis was coming up at the meeting of the International Lawn Tennis Federation in Paris the following month (SI, July 18, 1960). I was sure the open game would be approved, and I knew we'd need an organized body, rather than an individual, to deal effectively with the amateurs. My plan was to pull out of pro tennis gradually and let the association hammer out the details of open tennis.

But when open tennis failed to pass, I did my best to stick with my professional setup, trying to strengthen the pro game and keep my boys busy. I signed more players—Mike Davies, Robert Hafler, Kurt Nielsen, Luis Ayala, Barry MacKay and Butch Buchholz. I kept the tours going and even added some tournaments, because you have to promise competitive tennis as well as money to these young players. But it soon became clear to me that my pro tour could not thrive on its own without open championships.

I've set November first as the tentative date for me to step down. We could do it earlier, but the matches are booked under my own organization through the summer and it would be pretty complicated to straighten out the finances. Briefly, the association will function this way: it will have five elected directors, a paid executive director and maybe three secretaries spotted around the world. I hope the executive director will

be Tony Trabert. Tony has worked for me for three years, and he's the type of good salesman the professional game needs. The association will be starting off with about \$8,000 in the kitty. It will make money from dues, from the tour appearances of its players and from the Kramer Cup. The players will work for the association on the same contractual basis that they've been working for me. In my tours, 50% to 70% was taken off the top of the gross as the pros' share. Of this the players got about 15% apiece, plus a 7½% bonus if they won. When the association is running things each player will be expected to put up the same percentage of a deficit that he gets of the gate receipts. My slice will now go to the association, to promote tennis through schools, tournaments or however they want.

Elder statesman

The goal of the association is to keep professional tennis moving forward in its own right. The association will build up a fund for signing and developing amateurs in much the way a pro ball club signs rookies with an eye to the future. The association will also keep trying to put on more and better tournaments. I hope it will someday develop into a strong, solid body like the Professional Golfers' Association. That's the kind of group tennis needs.

What about Kramer? I'll be sort of an elder statesman, available for free advice to anyone who wants it. If I find the boys aren't taking this thing seriously enough I'll be on top of them—just from my moral right in the matter. But I want to make it clear that I never expect to make another dime from spectator tennis. From clubs, instruction, endorsements and equipment, yes; but not from spectators.

Will my departure bring open tennis? That's up to the people in control of the amateur game. They've told me that I am the stumbling block because I control the pros. O.K., now I don't control the pros. So let's give the fans and players what they want.

END

Yankee Downfall

This forlorn figure, writhing in pain in the dust of a New York park, is baseball's most valuable property, the American League's biggest gate attraction and, for eight of the last 10 seasons, the New York Yankees' one-man band—Mickey Mantle. Sprinting to beat out a grounder hit off the Minnesota Twins' Dick Seigman, Mantle tore a muscle in his right thigh. The injury, his 20th since 1950, sent Mickey crashing to the ground. The immediate question was: Had the Yankees' hopes crashed with him?





PEPSODENT PAUL AT THE POINT

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

I am not deaf to these things, and I am not naive," said Paul Dietzel. "I know what they are saying, the things they expect and hope for. This does not frighten me. The prospect of losing does not concern me. I've been down that road. I know what it's like. Golly day, I didn't come up here to lose! These people think this will be a new era in Army football. They are right. This *is* a new era."

It has been four months since Paul Franklin Dietzel quit Louisiana State University and came to West Point to be its football coach. A fortnight ago his first team, a hand-me-down on which he had done some effective sculpturing, gave a creditable performance in a scrimmage that ended spring practice at the academy. There was room for improvement, but no room for more enthusiasm. Of that there was a surfeit. If the practiced eye could see flaws in the new Army team, the eyes of West Point could see only stars. "Paul Dietzel," said one unconstrained second classman, "is the greatest thing that ever happened to this place."

There were 3,000 people at the scrimmage. General Douglas MacArthur was there in a black Homburg. Ex-Army Coach Red Blaik sat beside him. A few years ago they might have been as big an attraction as the blond Dietzel, the man some people at the academy were calling a messiah and against whom others had already begun a tacit harassing movement. These latter were an influential few who fought the last great des-

pot of Army football, Red Blaik, and see in Dietzel a return to the Blaik tyranny.

But on the surface the interest was sanguine and spectacular. The team that is expected to bring back Army football and to beat Navy slaughtered the scrubs. Dietzel and his staff chortled and cooed, corrected and chastised. The crowd, predictably, reacted with cheers.

Dietzel, in fact, rides a wave of cheers. From the beginning he has shamelessly wooed support, and it has come lapping at his feet. He stood in the cadet mess hall the first night and said that every one of his 33 team positions was wide open. Later he had to send his equipment manager to Jersey City to get enough uniforms to outfit the swarm of 140 candidates, one of whom was a 135-pound swimmer. Practices were attended as never before and bleachers had to be set up to accommodate the crowds. A West Point officers Bible study group delayed its weekly meeting 40 minutes to speculate on the terrible things Dietzel would do to Navy. A group of telephone company executives was enraptured for an hour as Dietzel charmed them off his conversational cuff at the Bear Mountain Inn. The dewy-eyed secretary in the gymnasium office said you just *had* to be impressed—"I mean you don't swoon, exactly. But there's something about him. Like Billy Graham. You know, powerful. And clean clear through."



"HIT, HIT, HIT!" yells new Army Coach Paul Dietzel, and the Cadets block and tackle with unrestrained vigor.

Dietzel's reputation as a winner has had much to do with his acceptance. His LSU teams went to three major bowls in four years and he was 1958 Coach of the Year. Army, by contrast, hadn't beaten Navy (and a lot of other people) in three years under Dale Hall, Blaik's successor.

Hall was fired in December. Dietzel came in January. It was late for a remodeling, but Dietzel is an incredible organizer. The team quickly showed an urgency of mission, a distinctive willingness to hit. From its lungs poured an uncommon sequence of chirps and yells, most of them coming from the Chinese Bandits, a name Dietzel always gives to his third, or defensive-specialist, team. The Bandits are incurably loud people. They are his football philosophy, and though they are out of place in the West Point lexicon they are there to stay. "The Bandits were mine from the time I was at Cincinnati," Dietzel told skeptical Army officers *before* he signed his contract. "They go where I go."

Dietzel, who once had coached at West Point under Blaik, dealt hard with



Dietzel's great personal charm and tough-but football philosophy already have won him the stout devotion of the team and the corps.

Army brass to get what he wanted. But he also suffered personally under the controversy that surrounded his leaving LSU. Both sides were severely criticized—Dietzel for abandoning LSU with four years still on his contract, West Point for pirating away another school's head coach.

"My integrity was attacked," says Dietzel, "but the whole story was never told. I was first approached for the job when Colonel Blaik resigned in 1958. My wife and I had long ago decided that West Point was where we would ultimately like to be. It's a wonderful place to raise a family. But I turned the job down. I wasn't about to follow Blaik. Blaik is a legend. It is not healthy to succeed a legend.

"When Dale Hall took the job we kissed it goodby for good—he was young and smart and his future was bright. It was then that I said I'd never leave LSU. I had to eat those words. I'll never get trapped into a statement like that again.

"The morning Dale was fired Ann and I were at breakfast. Over the orange juice I showed her the headline. We didn't say

officially, Paul, you wouldn't be interested in coming up here, would you?" "Joe," said Dietzel, "I just might be." "Is that so?" said Cahill.

When official contact was made, Dietzel was asked to come to the Point for an "interview." He is a gracious man rarely given to testiness, but at this he bristled.

"By that do you mean I am a 'candidate' for the Army job?" he asked from Baton Rouge, where he was preparing LSU for the Orange Bowl game. The answer was yes. "Well I'm not interested in being a candidate," the 37-year-old Dietzel replied. "I'm not a junior high coach out shopping. I don't have to be interviewed to prove I can win."

Dietzel made it clear he wasn't bargaining. No added inducement could keep him at LSU if the West Point job was "close to equal." He took a five-year contract at \$18,000 which, with fringe benefits, LSU had already beaten. But the issue was not one of money, as is customary in coaching moves. Dietzel says he left LSU without hard feelings. There was, nevertheless, a move

The Lonely End is gone at Army, where new Coach Paul Dietzel, replete with a flashing smile and a noisy complement of Chinese Bandits, has dispelled the gloom of three lackluster seasons. The Cadets haven't been this euphoric since the winning days of Red Blaik

anything, but we both knew right then what we wanted."

The decisive first contact was made between Dietzel and Joe Cahill, West Point publicity director. Said Cahill: "Unfortunately, we both knew right then what we wanted."

Dietzel says it will take four years to produce at Army. Hall was out after three, but West Point will wait for Dietzel. "I intend to build a football program," he says. "The best one I know how. Build the program you want and the winning will take care of itself."

The right program or not, Dietzel knows that among the sprawling body of brass at West Point there has been since the early days of Red Blaik a minority element that resents what it considers unhealthy catering to football. Blaik was a monolith and very tough to block, but there were skirmishes even he could not win—attempts, for example, to take two of his fine teams to bowl games (the 1946 team, last of the Blanchard-Davis strain, and the 1958 team, with Pete Dawkins and the original Lonely End).

Dietzel apparently has not suffered a major setback yet, and he maintains a discreet silence on things that might be an issue, but he is aware that the Chinese Bandits were hard for some traditionalists to swallow, and that his masterfully precisioned practices have been lampooned for the horn-blowing and the whoop-whooing that characterized them. He knows, too, that his habit of standing in the middle while the practice rotates around him has been sneered at as "a three-ring circus."

But mostly Dietzel is a threat to the dissidents because he represents the

continued

Blakian image of Big Football; infinitely more approachable than Blaik, perhaps, but a new Blaik nevertheless. This the minority will try to subvert. They will probably have no better success than they had with Blaik, providing Dietzel's football teams win.

To this end, Dietzel already has made grandiose plans for recruiting. A huge

he and Blaik are in frequent company. Dietzel also called on Blaik, with whom he shares a mutual regard. Blaik once called Pepsodent Paul the world's greatest recruiter—"If he so much as gets his feet under the supper table with a boy, the boy is his," Dietzel said Blaik was "one of the three great men" to influence his life. Then they dissected each other's football. Blaik called Dietzel a "gimmick coach" for his Chinese Ban-

"If you knew Blaik you liked him," said one intimate. "But you had to know him. Dietzel you like right away. Takes you about 10 seconds." Part of the Dietzel attraction at West Point is that he is a departure from the soldierly—the first non-Army man ever to hold the job—and is not inclined to be changed. Military protocol dismays him. In the bachelor officers club where he recently lunched he had to interrupt one eager communicant with a kindly advisement: "Please, captain, don't call me sir. I think you're talking to my father."

Nevertheless he is such a compelling personality that what might be a social failing passes notice. He is, in fact, a fashion piece and the brass is eager to show him off. "Dietzel projects, and this is a bonus we didn't count on," said one official. Within one hour of a recent afternoon, Dietzel talked with a long line of high school prospects, then charmed the jug ears of General Omar Bradley, who had come to the practice field unannounced with the Board of Visitors.

But the clincher in Dietzel's acceptance was the cadet corps. They are taught to be analytical and are not easily swayed. However, despite his penchant for gee whizz epigrams ("You can learn more character on the two-yard line than you can anywhere in life"), Dietzel touched the cadets' vanity. The football Dietzel plays, unlike the main, is drab and defensive ("I would rather have a dull victory than a spectacular defeat"). He likes field position football. He will punt on third down and he will almost never pass. Yet the impressed cadets who play for him submit happily to a rigorous schedule that outrages West Point itself.

Among the coaches there is a marvelous rapport, as if everyone is thinking how great it is to be one of the gang. Dietzel conducts his meetings in a democratic banters, everyone getting his say, but there is no doubting who is chairman of the board. On the field his mostly southern cadre wheedles and cajoles and chastises, offering both prologue and epilogue to the thudding of puns and the grunting of players.

A herd colonel watching the final scrimmage said wonderingly, "This team doesn't look like it could move the ball a nickel, but it has guts. Somehow I don't think it'll ever be disgraced." A handsome woman late arriving asked a young cadet to point Dietzel out to her.

"That's him over there," said the cadet. "The tall blond fellow whose feet don't quite touch the ground." **END**



CHARMING THE BRASS. Dietzel talks on practice field with West Point Superintendent W. C. Westmoreland and retired Generals Omar Bradley and Leif E. Svendsrup of the Board of Visitors.

map covers one office wall, in a multiplicity of colors, it shows areas to be attacked. No state has been overlooked. "This is a national academy, not an eastern school," he says. Hall's 1961 roster was stocked with 28 Pennsylvanians.

To those perennially embarrassed by the parade of pates on the Army schedule, Dietzel says this: "We will, within five years, be playing the toughest schedule in West Point history." If they are good enough, the Cadets will also go to bowl games. Dietzel, who for his unflinching smile is known as Pepsodent Paul, will appear on a weekly New York television show in the fall, providing the sponsor does not sell liquor or cigarettes, neither of which are on the Dietzel but parade of exemplary products.

A first on Dietzel's list upon arrival from Louisiana was a pilgrimage to the top of the Waldorf Towers in New York where General MacArthur lives. This was more than perfunctory. MacArthur is an abiding friend of Army football,

and Dietzel wondered aloud if the Lonely End wasn't a gimmick, too.

During Blaik's long term the football office became a sanctuary. Hall could not reduce its austerity and frequently took visitors outside to escape the prevailing aura of the great man. Now from the office walls where MacArthur once stared down are gay cartoons of Oriental types in football uniform, a life-size picture of the 1958 LSU team, and on the coffee table is a richly bound volume, *What I Know About Football* by Paul Dietzel. The book has 350 empty pages.

In the house that Blaik built at the end of Partridge Place in the area known as Snob Hill, Ann Dietzel, the coach's lovely wife, has refurbished and effected a marvelous new cheer. The recreation room is decorated with colorful reminders of the golden days at LSU. A cartoon Uncle Sam points his finger at the onlooker: "Uncle Sam Wants You To Be a Bandit." Neighborhood kids romp freely in the backyard,



**"Dad...
can I have
\$20,000 for
college?"**

Look ahead a few years and imagine your own son in this picture, asking the same important question. Your answer *then* will probably depend on the financial plans you make *now*. As the costs of a college education continue to rise, most families realize they cannot afford this expense unless they prepare in advance, following a practical, systematic plan. Here's where your New York Life Agent can be of great service.

He can show you modern plans through which you can be *sure* your son or daughter will have most or even all the funds needed for college. Two New York Life policies were designed especially for this purpose: The Educational Endowment, and Whole Life with Educational Endowment Benefits. Several other cash-value *Nylic* policies can also be used to help finance a college education.

Ask your New York Life Agent about such plans. Through his intensive training and experience as a full-time career underwriter, you'll find he's well qualified to advise and serve you. A good man to know! Call him at the office nearest you. Or, for information, mail the coupon.

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know



New York Life Insurance Company
Dept. SP-3, 51 Madison Avenue
New York 10, N. Y. (In Canada
443 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario)

I would like more information about your special educational policies.

I (am) (am not) a New York Life policy-owner now.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

COUNTY _____ STATE _____

NEW YORK LIFE

Life Insurance • Group Insurance • Annuities
Health Insurance • Pension Plans

A SHARE IN THE MAGIC OF INDY

America's largest sports audience—upward of 200,000 passionately interested people—will make a noisy festival next Wednesday of the world's richest sporting event. That, of course, is the Indianapolis 500-mile automobile race. The spectators will pay from \$3 to \$30 to be present, and the contestants will divide nearly half a million dollars in prize money. What is the magnet that every year draws more people to the Brickyard than to any other sporting event? The great majority go in excited anticipation of the kind of high-speed, wheel-to-wheel sport depicted on the following pages. But there is more to it than that—we need attend only once to sense that the Indianapolis drivers are among the world's supermen. The skill and bravery they display are so far beyond the common experience as to seem magical. At Indy, for a brief afternoon, we can share that magic.

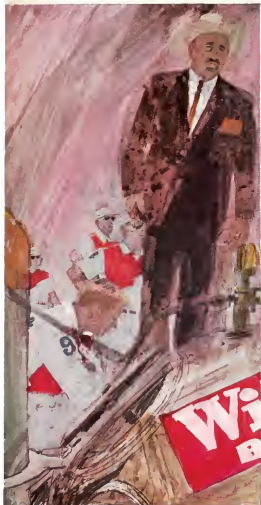




D-day minus one, and visitors stroll the speedway's famous Gasoline Alley (above) to inspect the stripped and skeletal cars. Next morning (right) comes the traditional command, "Gentlemen, start your engines!" Mechanics' hands go up to signal compliance, and the fierce thunder of 33 exhausts rolls forth.



As the race unfolds, car owners and crewmen can only wait and watch. Below: Stetson-hatted J. C. Agagianian stands in his pit, tensed against a sudden emergency like the Bardahl Special's dramatic flip at right.







This is one of the most expensive beers you can buy

(IT SHOULD BE)



You buy a beer for flavor. Aging develops flavor, and Tuborg is aged patiently month after month. You want flavor that won't fade away. Natural sparkle keeps Tuborg's taste awake, and so does the crown of foam that follows the beer down your glass. A beer should refresh you, slake your thirst. Tuborg is clear and crisp. Dry without being bitter about it. Supremely satisfying. Tuborg is one of the most expensive beers you can buy. It should be. TUBORG BEER, imported from Copenhagen. U. S. Representatives, Danisco Inc., New York 4, New York.

When a blue-eyed lad with the memorable name of Rufus Parnell Jones completed his qualifying trials for the Indianapolis "500" the other day, a gentleman resplendent in pearl-gray Stetson and houndstooth suit could not contain himself. He bounded up and down in the pit lane as Jones's car rolled in, and when he got his hands on the driver lifted him high in an ecstatic bear hug. Thus did J. C. Agajanian, hog rancher, *bon vivant*, racing promoter and race-car owner, greet the driver of his Indianapolis entry—and his capers were understandable. Jones—"Parnelli" to all Indy aficionados—had just broken the speedway's one-minute barrier and had sped to the first official 150-mph lap ever recorded.

That historic event set the tone for this year's race, the 46th "500," which will surely be among the most memorable of all. Because of his heroics, Parnelli Jones will sit squarely on the pole next Wednesday when the fastest field in Indy's history rolls thunderously into motion. No fewer than six other drivers bettered 149 mph in their four-lap, 10-mile qualifying heats on the first day of trials as an astonishingly large crowd, estimated at 150,000, tensely watched, but only Parnelli cracked the record.

There are solid and significant reasons for this year's high performances. The speedway itself is inherently faster than ever before. The last homestretch half mile of rough brick remaining from the onetime all-brick surface has been paved over with asphalt (except for a yard-wide strip left at the starting line for auld lang syne). New tires with better traction have added to speed potential. But most significantly, the cars themselves are changing; the 150-mph era launched by Parnelli Jones will certainly be contested by racers as dramatically different as the lap times posted on the speedway's tall tower.

Like those of 31 other "500" drivers, Parnelli's car is an Offenhauser-engined speedway roadster. The four-cylinder

A Buick may get you if you don't watch out

That's what they're saying at Indianapolis as the '500' gets set for the fastest race ever—the first in the new era of 150 mph



JUBILANT OWNER AGAJANIAN SHOWS HISTORIC HEADLINE TO DRIVER PARNELLI JONES

Offy, which over the years has become not only an engine but a religion, has powered all but three "500" winners since 1934. Offies cost about \$10,000, produce 400 horsepower and typically vibrate like 400 nervous mules simultaneously doing the twist. They are invariably front-mounted, over a solid front axle and the solid-axle roadster chassis has been undefeated at Indy since 1953, when its designer, Frank Kurtz, removed the driver from his old perch above the drive shaft and placed him beside it in a lower, more stable car.

But as Parnelli Jones and such seasoned Indy chargers as Rodger Ward, Jim Rathmann and A. J. Foyt hurtle away from the starting line next week, there will be one little intruder in that orthodox Offy company whose see bears no relation to its importance. It is a rear-

engined, independently sprung racer that looks like nothing so much as an overgrown European Grand Prix car. A veritable salad of speedway heresies, its engine is not only not an Offy, it is not even a purebred racing engine. It is, in fact, a stock passenger car Buick V-8—the lightweight aluminum one with which an engineering genius has wrought wonders. Not since 1947, when a Ford V-8 finished 12th, has a stock engine even qualified for the "500."

This interloper and two others like it (which did not qualify) were built with desperate haste by Marion (Mickey) Thompson, California's prince of hot-rodders and the fastest man on four wheels (in 1960 he reached 406.6 mph on the Utah salt flats). His Indy Buick was qualified with astonishing ease by Daniel Sexton Gurney, a fellow Californian

(continued)

and, as everybody knows, a card-carrying road-racing driver usually seen in sports and Grand Prix cars, Gurney, a man of no previous Indianapolis experience, qualified very handsomely indeed, at 147.886 mph, and then coolly buzzed off to Europe for Sunday's Dutch Grand Prix, where his Porsche failed to finish because of mechanical ills.

"I think," said the Mick after the qualifying trials, "that we have proved our point. We still have the race to run, of course, and I know some people doubt whether we can handle the competition in actual racing traffic—they don't think we have the acceleration. They may be surprised. Dan had only one day's practice in this car before he went out to qualify. At that, he was eighth fastest, so he'll start in the third row. With a little more time for development, we might have been the fastest."

"It's the handwriting on the wall," rejoined one irreverent Indy fan after Gurney's galvanic trials. "The age of the dinosaur is over."

Maybe, maybe not. The antedinosaur cult, those who would like to see the hulking Offies overthrown, got in its first licks last year when Australia's Grand Prix world champion, Jack Brabham, brought home a seriously underpowered British Cooper in ninth place. Offy men regarded the rear-engined little buzz bomb as a nice but hopelessly outclassed car. They are decidedly more alarmed by the Thompson Buck. "If people ain't careful," says A. J. Foyt, last year's winner, "that car may be smack in the lead." Whether or not it will be is one of the

continued

After they subtract, they add.

Yardley men's deodorants have a double purpose. First they *stop* unpleasant odor. Then they *add* a fresh, appealing, manly fragrance. It took Yardley to create this sensible, two-way grooming: The greatest under-arm protection you've ever known, *plus* the advantage of a fine, clean, woody after-arsoma.

To suit two distinct male prefer-

ences in deodorants, Yardley makes these advanced products in two forms. *Yardley Roll-On* is a modern, safe antiperspirant that keeps you neatly dry. *Yardley Stick* is for men who think a little light, odor-free perspiration is a healthy thing.

Each of these exceptional Yardley deodorants costs only \$1.

Small price for double-duty.



HICKEY THOMPSON greets Driver Dan Gurney last word before run that put Buck in race.

U. S. RUBBER RESEARCH ADDS THE CROWNING TOUCH...



Royal Special

1

L/P

**NEW
ROYALOC
FINISH
KEEPS THE
ROYAL
SPECIAL L/P
WHITE AS NEW**

**ROUND AFTER ROUND AFTER ROUND
AFTER ROUND AFTER ROUND AFTER**



NEWEST ACHIEVEMENT of the
largest maker of golf balls:
U. S. Royal Woods and Irons

At last... a golf ball with the white locked on! Thanks to new Royaloc Finish, the Royal Special L/P defies stains, scuffs, dirt, sand... keeps dazzling for rounds and rounds. Top golfers like Ken Venturi say no other golf ball stays white so long. No other delivers more distance and accuracy. Look for the ball marked "L/P," sold only at golf professionals' shops.



United States Rubber

Blackstone Building, New York 20, N. Y.

U.S. Royal

GOLF EQUIPMENT



The case for the father-of-the-bride

It contains his gift to the lucky youngsters. A Zeiss Ikon Camera System. A jewel-like, master-crafted photographic ensemble to capture every thrill in their eventful lives. Dad has just decided to add a roll of wedding pictures to his lavish gift. A good excuse to try those fine matched lenses, that eagle-eye telephoto, that panoramic wide-angle. He's intrigued by the unique interchangeable backs—that permit instant switching between black-and-white and color film. Clearly, he's convincing himself that Zeiss Ikon Camera Systems are for privileged fathers—of brides, grooms, graduates, debutantes, or offspring of any sort. They turn fathers into complete photographers. For a booklet on these new dimensions in photography with Zeiss Ikon Contarex and Contaflex 35mm. Camera Systems, write to Carl Zeiss, Inc., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York.



SYMBOL OF EXCELLENCE IN WEST GERMAN OPTICS

MOTOR SPORTS continued

big reasons why the "500" this year is more interesting than ever. To any sporting event that verges on ultimate performance, change brings a new shot of drama—and Indy has been pushing the ultimate for a long time. As any Indy driver can testify, prodigies of bravery and finesse were compressed by Parnelli into the tiny space of time separating 150 mph from 149. He was under one minute on each of his qualifying laps, smoothly taking them, in order, at 150.729, 150.150, 150.276 and 150.326 mph, for an overall average speed of 150.370 mph.

"There," cried Aggie Agajanian, "is a born driver."

"I was never confident that I could do the 150," said Jones deprecatingly.

the hallmark of Parnelli's style ever since he started racing, in jalopies, at the age of 17. He deftly moved on and up through midget and sprint cars to the "big" Indianapolis roadsters, popping up as rookie at Indy only last year. In his first "500" he led for a total of 27 laps before a stone, kicked up by another car, gashed his forehead, slowing him a bit, and then mechanical troubles beset him. Still, he managed to limp home 12th on three of his car's four cylinders. For that performance he was paired with Pennsylvania's swift young Bobby Marshman, who has the outside front-row starting spot next week, as "co-rookie of the year."

Now 28 and muscular as a young mule, Parnelli has brush-cut sandy hair, thrice-broken nose and a habit of chain-smoking cigarettes. "I have been upside



HURTLING DOWN THE STRAIGHT, GURNEY QUALIFIES THE BUICK AT 147.866 MPH

"I only wanted to go as fast as I could as safely as I could." But then, musing on his chances for victory in the race itself, he added, "If I thought the best I could do here was to finish second, I wouldn't be here at all."

As a matter of fact, Parnelli is considered to be the hottest "500" driver to come along since Bill Vukovich, the implacable leadfoot who won in 1953 and 1954 but was killed in the following race. Vukie was anything but a smooth driver. He fought his cars around the speedway with brutal zeal. Parnelli, in contrast, has a serene, silken touch. "I would say," remarked Tulsa's Jack Zink, a prominent Indy car owner and himself an exponent of the new and different, "that Parnelli drives romantically. By that I mean he is perfectly attuned to his car."

This extraordinary smoothness, coupled with a horror of losing, has been

down in racing cars a few times," he says, "but my worst injury was a broken nose. I have never, knock wood, been really out of shape on this speedway."

The Offy faithful would have been thunderstruck if another and far more bizarre intruder had qualified. Jack Zink's gas turbine-powered "Trackburner" (\$1, April 30), which was predictably dubbed the "trashburner" by speedway wags, suffered more than its share of teething troubles. Although it was nursed up to 145 mph, it was not quite ready for Indianapolis this year. Watch out next year, though. Sounding like a jet-prop Viscount airplane, it was able to overtake some of the fastest Offies on the straightaways. When handling and acceleration-lag problems are solved, it may be a winner.

In the meantime, Parnelli Jones & Co. will have their hands full squelching that incorrigible little Buick.

END



SAT., 10 A. M. For a week and in "Little Switzerland" four St. Louisans flew to the historic Crescent Hotel in Eureka Springs, Ark. They traveled less than 2 hours because the Cessna Skyhawk delivers speeds up to 140 m.p.h. The same trip by car would have taken over 7 hours. (Bonus: air distance is 250 miles; highway: 319 miles.)



SAT., 10:15 A. M. From 145 horsepower to 1 each, Tex met them at the nearby airstrip, and they took a brisk ride to the Crescent Hotel. Then after lunch and a game of shuffleboard by the pool, they enjoyed a sight-seeing walk about the colorful, romantic old town.



For wonderful week-end wandering...

See what you can do with a new Anniversary Model Cessna!

(It's yours for just \$995 down
—including free flying lessons)



SAT., 8 P. M. Relaxing by the fire, they let a delicious southern dinner settle. (The loser at checkers has to bait all the hooks for the next day's fishing.)



SUN., 7 A. M. A big one! But that's not unusual around Eureka Springs. They caught their limit before lunch and spent the afternoon antique hunting. (Plenty of room for extra items in the Cessna's big luggage compartment.)



SUN., 6 P. M. Back home, refreshed, with a full evening ahead of them. Another wonderful week end—via Cessna!

EASY TO FLY, EASY TO BUY: Already famous for such flight-ease features as Land-O-Matic landing gear... huge Para-Lift flaps... and High-Gliding wing—Cessna marks 50 years of progress with an Anniversary Fleet of today's most advanced private aircraft. And your Cessna dealer's new finance plans make it even easier to buy.

TAKE A DEMONSTRATION FLIGHT in any of the 13 new Cessna models—from the sporty 2-place Cessna 150 (\$7,495) to the 5-place, turbocharged twin-engine Cessna Skyknight (\$69,950) and the new rotary-wing Skyhook (\$79,960). Call your Cessna dealer. (Yellow Pages.) Also ask about his auto-type lease plans. Or for further information, write: Cessna Aircraft Co., Dept. SI-4, Wichita, Kansas.

All prices with std. equip., F.A.E. Wichita

THIRTEEN
PRIVATE AIRCRAFT

CESSNA



"Schweppes discovers America—and vice versa"

"No summer cottage is complete without

ONE man has solved the problem of the long commute from office to summer place.

And, as you see, Commander Whitehead is making sure he won't run short of Schweppes once he gets there.

Schweppes Tonic is an *indispensable* creature

comfort. Schweppes thirst-quenching flavor soothes parched throats like nobody's business. It is curiously refreshing—the *only* mixer for an authentic Gin-and-Tonic.

"And you never have to worry about Schweppes famous little bubbles pooping out on



plenty of Schweppes Tonic!" says *Commander Whitehead*.

you in the noonday heat," says *Commander Whitehead*. "Schwepperversence lasts the whole drink through!"

For your own peace of mind, follow the *Commander's* example and get Schweppes by the case. The one-and-only *Schweppes* Tonic—

made from imported English ingredients.

P.S. Great thing about Tonic Drinks is that they're so easy to mix. You hardly need budge from your hammock. Just add Schweppes Tonic to gin or vodka or rum. (Or drink it straight, the way the French do!)





Cram this billfold full (IF YOU MUST)...You can't ruin it. Its "Lifeline Stitch" construction pulls it right back into shape, a feature available only in the "Director" by

AMITY

AMITY LEATHER PRODUCTS CO. • 1801 2ND, WINSTON



Batch of surprises in Los Angeles

Two big men astonished themselves by breaking world records at the Coliseum Relays, but the evening's biggest shock was the one Peter Snell gave Dyrol Burleson in the last lap of a great mile

It was, in a sense, a meeting of misadventures. The dark-visaged foreigner who won the year's most heralded footrace wasn't in the best of shape, but his foe made a grievous error. The discus ring was slippery and the wind was wrong. The shotputter thought his form was awful. But this was a night when athletes thrived on trouble. As 40,000 impressed spectators looked on Friday evening at Los Angeles Coliseum, Discus Thrower Al Oerter and Shotputter Dallas Long both broke world records, and New Zealand's Peter Snell ran America's fastest mile, whipping this country's best man at the classic distance, Dyrol Burleson.

It was two days before that thick-legged, muscular and normally super-confident Snell—the awesome holder of the mile and half-mile world records—had arrived in Los Angeles for his last U.S. appearance of the year. He flew in from Honolulu, where he had been working out for several days under the careful eye of his coach, Arthur Lydiard. He was not in peak condition, his training having been hampered by an inflamed tendon in his right knee.

"I had to bring myself up to a new peak for this race," he said later. "Our season is over. But I wanted very much to be ready for this one." He had not learned that Burleson would be in the race until early Wednesday when a sportswriter called him and awakened him with the news. He seemed a bit apprehensive at first; both Snell and Lydiard consider Burleson the best miler in the world—next, of course, to Peter Snell.

By race time Friday, however, Snell had calmed his fears and said that he was glad to be running against Burleson. "It would be a shame to come this distance and not meet your best runner," he added. Though Burleson had wanted very much to run against Snell, his entry in the Coliseum Relays was a last-minute surprise. Bill Bowerman, his coach, had not felt that the Oregon collegian was far enough along in his training to take on Snell, and Burleson had a race to run for his college team on Saturday. Finally, at 6 o'clock on Wednesday morning—Bowerman is an early riser who makes most of his decisions at dawn—the Oregon coach elected to let Burleson compete in the mile at Los Angeles.

Honey and pigeon feed

"I like this kind of race," said Burleson frankly the morning of the event. "I've got everything to gain and nothing to lose." He was having breakfast in the small coffee shop of the Sheraton-West Hotel: a healthy meal of two poached eggs and toast, plus a cupful of honey, his only bow to the dietary idiosyncrasy that so many runners affect. With him was his wife, Caroline, who was more intent on saving her English muffin than eating it. "She's a pigeon feeder," said Burley fondly. "After breakfast we'll walk across the street to the park and she'll give the muffin to the pigeons."

Then he explained his training program, and it indicated why he was not ready for Snell. It is a regimen that

continued

... packed under
pressure to
perform under
pressure!

Pennsylvania
CENTRE COURT
APP. 3 P.L.T.A.
U.S.L.T.A.

Pennsylvania CENTRE COURT CHAMPIONSHIP TENNIS BALL

Pennsylvania's new CENTRE COURT tennis ball has a zest for the game that's apparent with your first serve. It takes off like a bullet, zips over the net, bops with true-bounce sureness and pep. You find the game faster, more exciting than ever. So look for the new CENTRE COURT in the white and blue can. Pick up a supply at your favorite sporting goods, hardware, department or drug store and see the difference numbered Pennsylvania CENTRE COURT balls make in the way you play tennis. Manufactured in the United States of America, and approved by the USLTA and the PLTA. The General Tire & Rubber Company

Pennsylvania
Athletic Products
Akron, Ohio

A Product of
GENERAL
The General Tire
& Rubber Company

World's foremost manufacturer of tennis balls, and maker of basketballs / footballs / volleyballs / soccer balls / playground balls / rubber balls / baseballs / golf balls and bags / bowling bags / shuntlocks / water skis / bicycle tires



Entertain
Outdoors...
with

Stereo
All Around

A friend or two in lawn chairs, aromas from the grill... hushed dining music in the background, encloses your intimate group, shuts out traffic or other noises. Or, have room for a ball... neighbors over for dancing and gaiety... your V-M portable covers the patio and surroundings with live-sounding stereophonic music. In the house, too, V-M stereo adapts to your desires.



V-M Deluxe Portable
Stereophonic Phonograph
Model 316

Here is sound quality that defies comparison. Four speakers in twin enclosures offer up to 32" stereo separation. Complete, convenient controls; V-M 'Stere-O-Matic' 4-speed automatic record changer has diamond LP needle. Brawny brown case.

THE VOICE  OF MUSIC

V-M CORPORATION • 85101 N. HARBOR BLVD. • CHICAGO, ILL. 60631 • KNOWN FOR THE TENSAT RECORD CHANGING, PHONOGRAPHS AND TAPE RECORDERS

Greatest safety feature since brakes



seat belts of caprolan nylon



Forty-five percent of all fatal accidents occur at speeds of less than 40 miles an hour*... a sound reason why even the most careful drivers need seat belts of Caprolan® nylon. A wide range of upholstery-coordinated colors.



(*National Safety Council Figures For 1961)

Fiber Marketing Dept., 263 Madison Ave., N.Y. 16

TRACK & FIELD *continued*

closely parallels Snell's—Bowerman and Lydiard being close friends who exchange training ideas. But since the track seasons are different in the U.S. and New Zealand the runners reach top condition at different times of the year.

"Early this year I started long slow running," Burleson said. "I work twice a day. You have to now if you want to be of world class. I start at 7 in the morning and run for an hour and a half and then I run another hour and a half in the evening, after classes. I'm



VICTORIOUS SNELL wonders if he could have won if he had been forced to start sprinting sooner.

just now changing to speed work. I won't be completely converted until the week of the NCAA meet.

"This is a long-range program I'm working on. I'm getting ready for the Olympics. Each year I'm a little stronger. Each year I start a notch farther up the ladder. I'll break my routine right after the season, then start hard training again next January. You have to do more and more all the time." With that, he and Caroline went to feed a muffin to the pigeons.

It was cool and still at the Coliseum that night when the starter's pistol set the field of six off on the mile. Burleson was running easily with that long, fluid stride that moves him over the ground with the graceful economy of a trotting horse, while Snell was chewing away the yards in his powerful, pounding

fashion. That neither led in the first three laps meant nothing.

But, with 220 yards to go, and Snell two yards ahead of Burleson, the crowd began to yell. It was well aware that Burleson's strength is a great finishing sprint, and it expected that now, in the backstretch of the last lap of what was obviously going to be a very fast mile, Burleson would be able to use his speed to run Snell down.

It was Snell who sprinted, however. He opened up just as the runners approached the last turn, and he gained five yards on the surprised Burleson in the first 20 yards of his drive, accelerating with amazing speed. Burleson kicked, belatedly, and for a few seconds, around the turn, he seemed to be closing the gap Snell had opened. But as they came out of the curve into the final straight Snell, running like a sprinter instead of like a miler finishing a tough race, pulled away again. At the finish line he was 10 yards ahead. His time was 3:56.1, not close to his world record 3:54.4, but remarkable nonetheless.

Despite the margin of Snell's victory, it is quite possible that Burleson can someday beat the New Zealand runner.

Snell ran the final 220 in 24.5 seconds, astounding time for the finish of a mile. Burleson ran his last furlong in 26 seconds. "That should be fast enough to beat anyone," he said after the race. "But not Snell. I should have made my move at the quarter, instead of waiting. When he went swoosh as he broke into his sprint I knew I had made my mistake." Burleson's time was 3:57.9, the second best of his career.

Present for Peter

Immediately after the race was over Snell commented on Burleson's mistake. "It was a gift from heaven, Burley not going all out for the whole last quarter," Snell said gratefully. "I don't know if I am fit enough to have stood him off if he had."

Snell seemed barely winded by the race, despite the 54-second last quarter he had run. He was upset because he had not been given his lap times. Both he and Burleson thought the race would have been faster if they had known their times for each quarter. And he explained he had delayed his finishing kick somewhat, because he was not too sure of his condition. "I was worried if I started my kick too soon I'd be outdistanced by Burleson," he said. "I started my move going into the bend so that he would have to

continued



LOST MONEY?

(Can't be! It's unlosable money.)

An American Express Cheque is money you can't lose. Misplace your cheques. Have them stolen. You don't lose a penny. You'll get prompt replacement at any American Express Office. Nearly 400 in the U.S. and around the world. No surer way to loss-proof vacation or business funds, keep your "extra" cash safe. Spendable everywhere as easily as cash. Only a penny a dollar at your bank.

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES



Your good taste is apparent...

when you order Great Western Champagne. This is the one that has been awarded six European medals for excellence! No wonder it has held an honored place on the wine lists of America's fine clubs, hotels and restaurants for 102 years.

Great Western
NEW YORK STATE CHAMPAGNE

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE COMPANY HAMMONDSPORT N.Y.



America's greatest value in a fully automatic slide projector the ANSCOMATIC® II



Less than \$140.00

No projector made offers so many important advantages at this price. The Anscomatic II combines fully automatic projection of all 2 x 2 slides with single projection of any slide up to 2 1/4" square... choice of manual, adjustable auto-time or remote control projection... light pointer, forward—reverse action and focusing adjustment all in convenient remote control unit. Be sure to see this great projector!



ANSKO... America's first manufacturer of photographic material... since 1842

BRIDGEVILLE, PA.

TRACK & FIELD (continued)

swing wide if he should go around me. I had my eye on him all the way."

The mile was the climax of a meet at which some 30 records of various kinds were broken.

And it was properly the climax since Burleson and Snell won't meet again this year. But, considering the conditions, the best single performance of the night was very likely Al Oerter's world record for the discus.

Discus throwers prefer to sail their projectile into a slight wind so that it will plane. On this night there were light gusts of fitful wind during the discus competition, but not enough to help. What's more, as Oerter noted after his 200-foot 5 1/2-inch throw, "the ring was so slippery I nearly fell on every throw." Slippery rings may become a vogue, no one having thrown the discus more than 200 feet in recognized competition before.

Oerter, who won the discus throw at both the Melbourne and the Rome Olympics, now hopes to add a third title in Tokyo. Until the last few months, though, he had lost interest in competition. "Jay Silvester aroused me again when he threw the discus 210 feet last year," Oerter said (Silvester's throw was not allowed as a record, because the range suffered from a most pertinent deficiency: it sloped downhill). "Now I'm going for the Olympic triple."

A terrible loss

Al Oerter was not the only one who surprised himself. USC's big man, Dallas Long, a 6-foot-4, 245-pound mound of muscle, knelt down and nervously rolled the metal ball around on the Coliseum sod, a rare display of the fidgets for him. Then he hefted it over to the shotput ring and threw it 65 feet 10 1/2 inches, a half inch more than Bill Nieder's world mark.

"The throw that broke the record felt terrible," he said afterwards. "I spun around after I let go of it, and I didn't have my weight over my right leg the way I should. But I'll take it anyway. I guess this was just the night it had to come."

Oerter, who had finished the discus competition earlier in the evening, was sitting on the grass watching the shotputters. When Long broke the record he shook his head in wonder. "I guess there isn't any limit," he said. "They keep coming bigger and stronger all the time." And faster, too, Al.

END

click!

it's self-powered for cordless shaving

click!

it's reserve-powered for extra convenience



NEW REMINGTON LKTRONIC II WITH 2 KINDS OF POWER!

Lektronic II is a cordless shaver and cord shaver all in one!

Self-powered for shaving freedom. Outdoors, indoors. Upstairs, downstairs. Shave wherever you want. No sink. No cord. No morning bathroom rush. Just one cordless shave after another—all from the powerful rechargeable cells.

Reserve-powered for extra convenience. Forget to recharge? Flick the switch and shave with the cord from any 110-volt AC outlet.

Easy on your face! You get the comfortable shaves that exclusive Reming-

ton adjustable roller combs are famous for. Comfort with closeness. No pinch. No pull. Just comfort.

A superb shaver. There's nothing to compare with it. Don't take our word for it. Most dealers offer a free home trial.

(A) Exclusive adjustable roller combs and self-sharpening cutters (B) New cushion-grip panels for a firmer, more comfortable hold. New shaving station case: (C) Holder for charging in closed case or out (D) Mirror (E) Transformer for recharging and cord shaving (F) Storage for recharging cord and accessories.



ROOM, ZOOM and a road softening

What we mean, this one's got it in every department. Just about everything you'd expect of a high-priced car—except, of course, a high price. The Jet-smooth Chevrolet's rich looks are a happy blend of quietly elegant design, Body by Fisher craftsmanship and tastefully appointed interiors. Its spaciousness shows up in lots of welcome ways—plenty of hip, hat, shoulder, elbow and leg room. And back aft—a mammoth trunk (just take a gander at that thing!). Its zoom springs from V8 power that's triggered to your kind of traveling (even the pickel-nursing 6 has its own brand of spunk).

But, of all this Chevrolet's charms, perhaps the most endearing is that gentle Jet-smooth ride. There's a big sinewy Full Coil spring at each wheel teamed with over 700 insulators and absorbers at work throughout the car. And that means you whiz around in peace and quiet with the feeling that maybe bumps have gone underground for good. Nor have we done anything short of our best in the Little-Things-That-Count Department. For instance, the Jet-smooth Chevrolet offers you crank-operated ventipanes (no hooked pull-handles to jam fingers or split fingernails on), parallel-



ride!

action electric windshield wipers (no center blind spot), high-level air intakes (cleaner, fresher outside air for you) and a single-key locking system (exit the two-key nuisance). Want more? It's all there, as a sample ride in the car that's taken the expense out of feeling expensive will show you. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



JET-SMOOTH CHEVROLET



Impala Sport Coupe—only thing that goes bumpety-bump about this one is your heart.



Nova 400 Sport Coupe—handsome hardtop with Body by Fisher.

Luxury and low price...beautifully blended

This is just one of 11 frisky, family-sized Chevy II models that have many a bigger car wondering how it's done. You may, too . . . when you see how much perky performance, pert good looks and relaxing roominess you get in one of America's lowest priced cars!

Like a car that fits big families and small parking places? A sassy, saving six with V8 seat? One-piece rear springs for a softer, quieter ride? Money-saving maintenance features like front-end components (including fenders) that bolt on for easy replacement? You'll find them all and then some in Chevy II—the same ingenious things that won *Car Life* magazine's coveted Engineering Excellence Award. The same day-in, day-out dependability that means any car is a sounder buy if Chevrolet builds it. See for yourself at your dealer's now! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

Chevy II
Nova





Catching the right cue

The Blackwood Four-Five No Trump convention has long been incorporated into our bidding methods as a highly useful device. Unfortunately, however, it has a tendency to break down from overwork. Many experienced players will resort to the Blackwood convention only when the situation cries sharply for its use. Their preference is given to the use of cue bids in many high-level contracts. Less practiced bidders avoid cues for the very sound reason that they cannot be positive their partners would recognize a cue bid if they made one.

Admittedly, there are situations, such as in the hand we are about to discuss, in which even the expert may have trouble with his recognition signals. Usually, however, there is a clue to be discerned from negative inferences—which is a fancy way of saying that you can sometimes tell more from what was not bid than from what was. For a bit of practice in this art, look only at the North cards and consider the bidding.

Was South's bid of five diamonds a cue? What should you do with the North hand? Before you make up your mind, let me fill you in on a few details. East's jump overcall of two spades is pre-emptive rather than strength showing; however, inasmuch as his side is vulnerable, it is to be presumed that he can win about six tricks in his own hand if he had been left at two spades.

Having opened the bidding with the North hand, some players would not venture to give partner a free raise to four hearts. Such inaction would be a mistake because the pre-emptive bid by East may have put your partner under considerable pressure. If you pass, he may not be able to find another bid; if he does find one (a double, for example), no matter what you decide to do next you are apt to give a wrong impression of your hand.

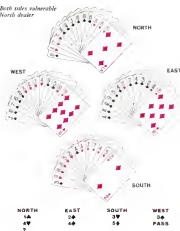
So, to return to the question before the house, is South's five-diamond call a cue bid or does it show a real suit? Are you permitted to pass and, if so, should you do so?

To answer the first question, you have to consider the bids your partner did not choose to make. He did not cue bid spades at his first opportunity. He did not do so at his last turn, nor did he use a Blackwood four no-trump bid to ask about your aces. The opponents' bidding makes it apparent that South is short in spades; yet he had made no move to give you even tacit support for clubs. Hence, it is virtually certain that he has a two-suiter and that his diamond bid is genuine.

However, since he has given no indication that he is interested in a slam, why did he bother to show the diamonds at all? Since you have already raised hearts, it would be a tactical error on his part to reveal the two-suited nature of his hand to the enemy unless he had a powerful reason for revealing it to you. In all logic, that reason must be that his heart suit is comparatively weak; his diamonds are much safer if the contract is to be played at the five level. Therefore, not only is it permissible for you to pass, but I think it mandatory that you do so with this holding.

That was my reasoning when I held the North cards. As it turned out I had good cause to be happy about my decision to pass. At hearts, there would be no way to avoid three trump losers in addition to a spade trick. Played at diamonds, when that suit divided favorably, South was able to discard all his small hearts on my good clubs and actually ended up making 12 tricks.

Both sides vulnerable
North dealer





10-oz. hi-ball, julep, fizz, sling, gin & tonic.



2-oz. jigger.



1-oz. cordial, liqueur, brandy.



16-oz. cooler, king-size collins.



12-oz. collins, rickey, hi-ball, bloody mary.



4-oz. cocktail and stinger.



6-oz. sour, swizzle, flip, punch, lo-ball.



5 1/2-oz. champagne, frosted daquiri.



4-oz. sherry and dessert wine.



11 1/4-oz. pilsner for beer, etc. Perfalls, too.



6-oz. whiskey sour; red, white, rose table wine.



9-oz. old-fashioned, toddy, on-the-rocks.

HALF THE FUN OF
PLAYING BARTENDER

IS SERVING THE

RIGHT GLASS

So we've presumed to print this page as a reminder and a reference. It guides the right drink into the right glass. The right Libbey glass, each with the famous chip-resistant Safedge® rim. Tumblers range from about 15¢ to 19¢ each. Stemware, about 49¢ each. Look for the display — and happy hosting!



Live with loveliness

LIBBEY GLASS

LIBBEY GLASS DIVISION, ONE-WHOLE-ILLINOIS, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

"Ah!" they say. "The perfect host. He knows." And you do. You know that the right glass makes the drink taste better. Does anyone doubt? Try champagne in a tumbler. Just isn't the same.

So we've presumed to print this page as a reminder and a reference. It guides the right drink into the right glass. The right Libbey glass, each with the famous chip-resistant Safedge® rim. Tumblers range from about 15¢ to 19¢ each. Stemware, about 49¢ each. Look for the display — and happy hosting!



This Libbey display shows everything. Watch for it. Prices slightly higher in the South, West and Canada.

They also serve who only sit around

They may be poor fielders or slow runners or senior citizens but each and every one will do in a pinch

Nobody has it easier, from a physical point of view, than baseball's bit player, the pinch hitter. In this rarefied, specialized, languid line of work, a man is obliged to do little more than swing his bat a couple of times every other day or so. Does this mean that pinch hitters are a contented class? Not at all. "I say nobody has it tougher anywhere," said a ferocious New York Yankee type the other day, "and anybody wanting to discuss it further, let him step right up." Speaking is John ("I participate in little ways") Blanchard, and he's the best pinch hitter in the American League (five pinch homers last season—but only one measly single so far this one). And other pinch hitters call their job the roughest, meanest, most exasperating in the whole game. They can recite a list of occupational liabilities longer than a Sun-

day double header in Philadelphia, too.

Pinch hitters, for example, are always thrown into the fray cold, stiff and emotionally flat—and are expected to produce. The Lord only knows how pinch hitters stay sharp. They seldom get to play out the balance of the game and they always get hurry-up bullying around the batting cage by the starters. With so little exercise, pinch hitters grow breathless, turgid and square-shaped if they don't watch out. ("I enjoy a beer, I enjoy two beers. Or three beers. But I've had to cut it out," says Detroit's leading pinch hitter, Vic Wertz.) Finally, when the cold pinch hitter is called in, chances are his team is in a sorrowful bind. But the enemy pitcher is warmed up, probably a few runs ahead and not about to act nice. No wonder the New York Mets' Richie Ashburn, a now-and-then pinch hitter, says, "You can have it. I no more than get up off the bench than I'm two strikes behind." Wertz can shrug it all off, saying, "You don't have to do much, but you do have to do something."

continued



NEW YORK'S BLANCHARD



CINCINNATI'S WERTZ

**Make Your Bid
for a Blender—Now!
June 17 is
Father's Day**



Make the bold move and tell 'em what you want—a Hamilton Beach Liqui-Blender. All the arguments are on your side. You'll make the most exotic looking and delicious drinks she's ever tasted. Nothing makes your cooking specialties more special than a blender.

The best reason for asking for a blender is what she will do with it. You'll be hurrying home for dinner because of what it will do for old-favorite dishes. And lots of brand new recipes turn up in the 50 page blender booklet that comes with your Hamilton Beach.

You'll both be sold on the removable base that makes cleaning easy, makes it possible to use ordinary canning jars in place of the container. Two neoprene couplings for longer life, tough Hamilton Beach motor and famous 5 year guarantee.

OUR GUARANTEE PROVIDES free repair and parts excepting cost of labor and damage due to misuse when returned to one of our authorized service stations listed on the product guarantee certificate.



**HAMILTON
BEACH®**

© 1966 Hamilton Beach Division, The Hamilton Beach Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. All rights reserved. Hamilton Beach is a registered trademark of The Hamilton Beach Company.

Then why do pinch hitters put up with the gall? Because there is nothing that puts a song in a man's heart quicker than getting a hit when his team needs it most. How would you have felt, let's say, if you had been John Blanchard and had just hit a pinch home run in the third and vital game of the 1961 World Series, with two outs in the eighth, tying the score, pretty much winning the game and wowing everybody there? Pretty smug is how. (On the other hand, you'd have felt awfully low-down if you had popped out in the first game, as Cincinnati's Jerry Lynch did. Lynch is the best pinch hitter in both leagues, which maybe proves something about the occupation's ups and downs.)

Dreamy stuff is fine, as far as it goes, but pinch-hitting offers rewards that go farther. For somebody like Jerry Lynch, a good year of pinches can get you more scratch. For players like Boston's Dave Philley and Detroit's Wertz, a knock and a nerve for pinch-hitting can keep you employed when old age and heavy feet

have just about ended your career. And for all pinch hitters there is the inner knowledge that they, after all, can sometimes win the game the other nine guys have botched. Last year Lynch won more games with pinch hits than the Reds won the pennant by. It was Jerry (Jerry can claim) who put the team in the Series.

Pinch-hitting used to be an excuse to keep kindly old ballplayers playing, but nowadays there are plenty of better reasons why teams carry and use these reservists. The primary reasons, to be sure, are to win high-stakes games and to make opposing pitchers feel rotten, as Brooklyn's Cookie Lavagetto so neatly did with a ninth-inning two-out double in the 1947 World Series, breaking up Floyd Bevens' Yankee no-hitter. Besides squeezing winning runs from tight situations, ever-ready pinch hitters are also used when the bases are loaded, say, and the upcoming batter is of the nervous, lump-in-the-throat variety.

"What I want in a pinch," says Detroit Manager Bob Scheffing, "is someone who can start a rally or keep one

going. I plain don't care if they walk, hit or get hit, as long as they get on base." He means somebody like Pittsburgh's Smokey Burgess. "You can wake that Smokey up on Christmas morning," Birdie Tebbetts has said, "and he'll get you two for four."

Wanted: ambidexterity

Pinch hitters are handy, too, if their speed of foot can shorten the odds on a double play, or if the scheduled batter is notably inefficient against, for example, a sidearm pitcher. Most commonly, pinch hitters are used when the pitcher is of opposite handedness. Fearsome weapons indeed are the likes of Boston's Dave Philley and St. Louis' Red Schoendienst, who not only can pinch-hit, but can do it from either side of the plate.

"My idea of a pinch hitter was Johnny Mize," says Casey Stengel. A sort of specialist's specialist, Mize was one of the best right, left, forward and backward pinch hitters baseball has ever known. Fast, forthright and slow, Mize could come up for the Yankees with a man on third and willfully, almost uncer-



Raise your car's standard of living

Macmillan Ring-Free is no ordinary motor oil. Ring-Free is a truly new high-grade oil refined specifically for modern cars and modern driving. Ring-Free has naturally superior qualities locked in to deliver top protection every day everywhere... for stop-and-go city driving... high-speed summer-hot turnpiking... quick starting in mid-winter cold. Plus long-lasting detergents to keep engines clean and quiet. Raise your car's standard of living to the level it deserves. Insist on Macmillan Ring-Free at your next oil change.

Note for new car buyers: ask your dealer about the Macmillan Ring-Free "Billion Dollar Warranty." It's an optional extra... free from Ring-Free!

Ring-Free trouble free... long-life with Ring-Free.

Macmillan RING-FREE Oil Co., Inc.
150 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y. • Board of Trade Bldg., 341 W.
Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. • 535 W. 6 St., Los Angeles 14, Cal.

ringly, drive him in with a high fly. With a man on first, Mixe simply went for the home run.

Someday somebody's got to catalog the assorted mystiques of pinch-hitting. Jerry Lynch, like Blanchard, is strung higher than the outfield lights, and follows the game with an intense how-does-this-figure-to-affect-me curiosity. The palms of Vic Wertz begin to sweat along about the fifth inning, while the Dodgers' Lee Walls sits there imagining himself already at bat. (Walls, it's safe to assume, sweats too; only all over. To keep himself loose he customarily wears long johns, turtleneck sweater, wind-breaker and gloves.)

Peanuts Lowrey, now a Philadelphia coach, began his pinch-hit career with the Chicago Cubs, hated it, later came to approach his mission with devotion and self-assurance. He never thought for an instant that he wouldn't get a hit until he didn't. Says Peanuts, "I knew just how hard my job was, which was plenty. I was supposed to get a hit; the pitcher was supposed to get me out. One of us was bound to win." Blanchard lacks Lowrey's dispassion. "I pray all the way to the plate, and then hope like the devil I connect," he says. Dave Philley, a facile sort, claims he has mastered the ability to bear down and to relax at the same time, if you can imagine. Philley's manager, Mike Higgins, wants him to come off the bench swinging, and most pinch hitters think this is sound advice. "You've got only one chance," says Blanchard, "so you can't take the time to be giving the pitches the once-over-lightly." Denied this examination, many pinch hitters quiz their teammates on what the pitcher is throwing most, and go to bat set for it. Still, Smokey Burgess and Vic Wertz, when pinch-hitting, feel compulsively go for the first pitch; the pitchers know it and feed them low. Says Burgess, "you're either going to hit it or not hit it—simple."

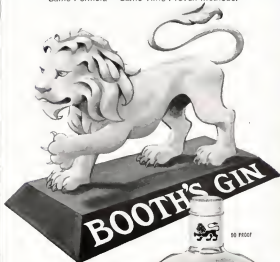
It would be a paradox in some endeavors (arithmetic, for example), but pinch hitters claim they are only as good as the pressure is great. "Who cares what happens if you're six runs behind?" says Richie Ashburn of the Mets, a team frequently six runs behind. But pile on the pressure and great things can be accomplished. "Give me the ninth inning, with a man on, two outs and the Reds one run down," says Lynch. "Man, I lap that up." Faint heart ne'er made pinch hit.

END

BOOTH'S ^{HIGH} & DRY GIN

The only gin distilled in the U.S.A. under the supervision of the famous Booth's Distillery Limited, London, England.

Same Formula — Same Time-Proven Methods.



IN LONDON

39 Shillings and 9 Pence

\$5.57

4/5 QUART-80 PROOF

Distilled in England Based on London price 1 1/2s 9d, recent rate of exchange.

IN NEW YORK

\$4.32

4/5 QUART-90 PROOF

Distilled in U.S.A. Price elsewhere higher or lower depending on local taxes, etc.

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • IN A TRIPLE COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.



BOOTH'S ^{HIGH} & DRY GIN

PART II Better Boating

The Art of Class Boating

by Lowell North with Ezra Bowen

Time the most exciting sport in the world is racing class boats—day sailers built to certain specific designs so they can compete on equal terms with other boats in their own class. First, I think the best sailors are in these one-design boats, and this means good competition. Second, there are half a million one-design boats in the U.S., spread over 75 major classes. This means there is a design for everyone. I happen to race a Star, the 22-foot 9-inch boat shown on these pages, probably because when I was a youngster the best sailors at the San Diego Yacht Club, where I race, were in the Stars. If I had lived in Wisconsin I might have gone for Scows, in the East, maybe a Snipe or an International.

There is another reason why I'm partial to class boats. They give the best possible training to anyone who plans to spend his leisure hours on the water. By competing against top skippers you can't help but absorb good boating habits. My crewman, Lance Morton, demonstrates this fact in the drawing at left, hiking way out to hold the boat on her best sailing lines, but at the same time keeping a tight grip on the jibsheet and a sharp eye ahead.

Furthermore, most races are watch-dogged by committee boats, whose job is not only to patrol for rule infractions but also to pick up anyone who gets into serious trouble. Perhaps I shouldn't say serious trouble for in class boating there should be no serious trouble—if you know what you are doing. On the following pages we show some of the basic practices of sensible class-boat sailing. If you learn them you will be on the way to developing the kind of boating habits that will help you keep out of trouble and enjoy yourself aboard any day sailer.





Equipment for a Class Boat

For cold, wet conditions, foul-weather jacket (1) or skidiver's wet suit (2) is essential. Flotation cushion (3) or small kapok life jacket (4) stows easily. Nomikid neckers (5) and sun cream (6) help prevent sunburner injury or discomfort. Water skier's float belt (7) is excellent safety device for youngsters who find kapok jacket hot and/or insulating. Inflatable pocket life-saving pack (8) should be carried by class-boat skippers who race offshore. Various flotation devices are interchangeable (unless class rules call for one specific type), but all class boats should carry: (9) spare line, (10) compass, (11) bilge pump or bucket, (12) 5-pound Danforth anchor with 8 feet of light chain and 70 feet of $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch nylon anchor line, (13) extra boom

vane, (14) spare block and wire, (15) extra shroud or stay, (16) lubricating grease, (17) paddle, (18) light tools, (19) spare parts in transparent folding tackle box, (20) nylon parachute cord or tarred marline for quick repairs, (21) wristwatch and (22) stop watch. Not essential but good for convenience and safety are (23) jam cleats, which require only one full wrap, (24) bulldog cam cleats, which grab and release swashbuck quick, (25) cutter keys instead of sharp-edged pins, (26) lifting straps and hooks, (27) plastic windows for spotting kelp on the keel, (28) cool chest or (29) tubular vacuum bailer. All boats in areas where electrical storms are common should have lightning ground (30) led from shroud chain plates and grounded to keel bolt (inset).

CONTINUED

Class Boating

Continued



Getting Ready to Sail



HOW TO STEP THE MAST

Although a very skilled man may be able to step a mast alone, such solo performers need a foothold visible to me. Lance and I always work together. First we tie stays and shrouds to the mast so they won't flap around. Then Lance trails the butt, guiding it through the deck into the step while I walk forward slowly, raising the mast as I move



HANDLING HALYARDS

When shanking halyards to sails, always look aloft before hauling. Many racers use halyard locks to reduce the compression load on the mast. Whenever a cleat is used, whether to secure a halyard or a mooring post, slipper weathered lines should be made fast with half hitches, as above.



SHOOTING OFF FROM A DOCK

Try to plan your departure so that you shove off from the lee side (downwind) of a dock. Otherwise sails and hull may bang and rip against pilings. When ready to go, skipper should be at tiller, sheets should be slack, crew man on deck. Crew then pushes boat straight back—out to one side, where wind may fill sails and send boat shooting forward to an unscheduled crash landing. When well clear of the dock, crew backs jib, bow swings off wind and boat sails safely away.



ahead. Unstepping the mast, the crew should always remember to lift the hull as the mast is lowered, so that it will not jam and perhaps tear up the deck as it comes down. Note that like most of today's racers we keep our boat out of water as a trader, where it is safe from storms, less subject to rot and will not gather barnacles or other marine growth.



Hiking Out to Windward



TOES UNDER THE BOOM

In boats like Stars, where hiking straps are prohibited, crew can get weight out by hooking toes under boom and keeping tight grasp on sheets. This method is used more often on reaches, and as a change of position when crewman tires of lying along side as shown on page 60.



DUPLIN METHOD

Named after East Coast Star Sanka Joe Duplin, this technique gets weight low but requires far less weight when coming about. Duplin himself hates crew to be in the helm. I'm not that strong; maybe I brace Lance's ankles with my hand and he pulls up with thigh muscles.

How to Come Out of a Capsize



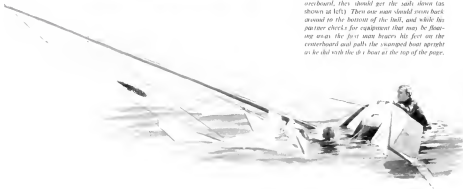
MOVE FAST TO KEEP THE WATER OUT

While a keelboat like a Star will never turn over that way in rare cases (swamp), in the small, lighter centerboard boats like the Soling, which is shown on these two pages, capsizing is fairly common, though not at all dangerous. If the skipper and crew are quick enough they can right a capsize boat before it takes on a drop of water. The moment you feel the boat turning over, let go of everything. One man should get completely off the boat so that his weight will not push the edge of the cockpit under.



IF YOU SWAMP, GET THE SAILS DOWN

Sometimes, no matter how fast you move, the boat will fill and sink to the gunwales. When this happens, the first thing to do is get all the weight off the boat so the hull won't turn turtle and perhaps just the masthead in the middle of the harbor bottom. The moment both skipper and crew are overboard, they should get the sails down (as shown at left). Then one man should swim back around to the bottom of the hull, and while his partner checks for equipment that may be floating away, the first man braces his feet on the centerboard and pulls the swamped boat upright as he did with the boat at the top of the page.





The other man should scramble over the side and get his feet on the very end of the centerboard, with his hands holding the rail. This should not take much more than five seconds if the boat is to stay afloat. Then, while the skipper continues to keep his weight off the boat, the crew pulls the hull upright. The moment it comes up, the two men should climb back in at the same time, each checking the other to be sure the righted boat does not start to sail away and leave somebody floundering behind.



After the hull is lifted in the water, one man crawls carefully aboard while the other balances the boat. Then the man on board sits in the battery at the exact middle of the cockpit so as not to roll the hull over again, grabs a pump, or preferably a bucket, and starts to bail. After about two-thirds of the water is out the skipper can come back aboard and start getting the sails up. If the boat has trapdoor hatches she can be sailed dry. (SI, April 24, 1961). However, in a boat without trapdoor hatches the crew should keep working until all loose water is out of the bilge.



CONTINUED

Quick Way out of Trouble



RETRIEVING A MAN OVERBOARD

If the skipper goes overboard, an inexperienced crewman should try to keep the boat headed into the wind and wait for the skipper's shouted orders. If the man on board is experienced, he should steer the boat through a figure eight (above), coming about, running off, then coming about again to retrieve the man over the bow, leeward side. All heavy arrows on this page indicate direction of wind.

JIBING IN HEAVY WEATHER

In strong winds, the faster the boom goes over, the less time there is for the wind to catch a strapped-in sail and set you on your ear. I jibe by grabbing all the sheets (far right) and overhauling the boom as fast as it will come in. Once it passes midships I let go. But I am careful to hold on long enough so the boom doesn't rise up, hogging the lower part of the sail and leaving the upper part plastered against the windward shrouds in a batter-breaking goose-wing (diagram at right).



SAILING OUT OF A NOSEDIVE

When running dead before the wind in rough weather, keep a sharp eye ahead to see that the bow does not bury as it slices into a wave. If this should happen, throw the weight aft (as in the drawing at left), and change course to swing the bow away from the waves. The worse maneuver will snap a boat from jacking bar in a yaw, instead of moving the weight back there it contrary to the roll of the boat.

Best Way to Come In

HOW TO MAKE A DOCK OR MOORING

Always approach a landing from the lee side. If you are coming into a dock, steer a course parallel to the pierhead. Then, to take off speed and to allow the boat to turn more easily, the crew should let out the jib. In a small boat, he stays in the cockpit while the skipper makes a turn into the wind to take off most of the remaining speed. In a larger boat like a Star, the crew can go forward—taking the bowline with him—as soon as he lets out the jib. But he should hang onto the mast as the boat turns (right); otherwise he may go overboard. Once the turn has been made, the crew sits on the bow with legs out. He snags on the bowline, and if the boat is still moving he fends off with his legs—not his arms, which are left strong. In making a mooring all procedures are the same except the last, in which the crew reaches out with his hands to grab the buoy.

The Big Powerboat

In the June 11 issue Eugene Moran, who has held 15 records in a lifetime of deep-sea fishing, tells how to handle a big powerboat.



How to save money on a wagon without really trying

Economy comes built-in with these '62 wagons from Chrysler Corporation. Here's how they save you money . . . automatically.



DODGE CUSTOM 800

You get a lot more action on a lot less gas

Gas bills don't have to go way up when you switch to a wagon. At least not with these. While Chrysler engineers have increased acceleration as much as 10%, they've also improved gas mileage—as much as 7%.

Along with better economy, you get better ride—Chrysler Corporation's Torsion-Aire Ride. It's still rated by most experts as the finest suspension system on any American car.



PLYMOUTH FURY

Exclusive Alternator lengthens battery life

The batteries in these wagons will keep their "kick" a lot longer, especially in city driving. The reason is the Alternator. It provides up to 10 amperes of charge even when the engine is idling. So there's no drain on the battery; more power in reserve. And the longer battery life will save you plenty over a few years—around \$15.00 or more for each new battery you won't have to buy.

Unibody Construction means fewer squeaks and rattles

The secret of strength is unity, and that's exactly what makes Unibody Construction a far superior way to build wagons. Unibody makes body and frame a solid, one-piece unit. It eliminates the major cause of squeaks and rattles—it's 100 per cent more resistant to twisting forces than the conventional body-bolted-to-frame construction. And Unibody trims away useless bulk to give you more spread-out room inside!



PLYMOUTH VALIANT

There's a lot less maintenance

You go 4,000 miles between oil changes . . . 32,000 miles between major lube jobs. That means you'll only have your wagon up on the rack about eight times in three years of average driving. You'll save over \$60 in lubricants alone.

You'll also save on repairs and replacements. Mufflers are aluminized to last twice as long as uncoated steel mufflers. Distributor points are ventilated to run cooler and last much longer.



7-soak rustproofing guards the finish

We put these wagon bodies through the industry's most thorough rustproofing to help keep them brand-spanking new. They go through 7 giant tanks and get more than 20 different rinses, sprays, and dips. When they leave the 7th tank, they're set to fight off any cause of rust—whether it comes from salted streets or the mud and gravel from a rugged hunting trip.

Practical features for wagon people

One push and the seats fold flat

In most models, it's a simple, one-step operation. You just push the back seat forward. Hinged panels automatically make a flush, flat cargo bed. (Tailgate swings down easily, has no braces to interfere with loading.)



The rear window rolls down

And it rolls down from the outside, where the kids can't reach. With power windows (standard on some models), you can handle the window from the driver's seat with the push of a button.

The third seat faces the rear

Another first from Chrysler Corporation in all our 9-passenger wagons. It's convenient for grownups (enter from the rear) and a good, safe place for the kids.

128



Hidden luggage compartment

In some wagons, there's a theft-proof luggage bin concealed under the rear floor. An optional lock keeps your valuables safe.



The upholstery can take it

You won't have to baby this upholstery when you're hauling kids, tools, lumber or furniture around. Most vinyl-and-fabric interiors have more than 50% of nylon warp added to them to make them last. They're treated with special conditioners that ward off dirt and grime. And they're sewn with extra overlap to keep the seams from popping out. These fabrics will wear up to twice as long as ordinary upholstery fabrics.

Try them for size! Take a demonstration drive at your favorite dealer's next weekend. Take the whole family and see how much room is left over!

Chrysler Corporation

Where engineering puts something extra into every car

DODGE ■ DART ■ LANCER ■ CHRYSLER ■ IMPERIAL ■ DODGE TRUCKS

MISSILE DIVISION ■ SPACE DIVISION ■ HOPAR ■ AIRTEP ■ AMPLX ■ CYCLOWELD ■ MARINE AND INDUSTRIAL ENGINES





OUT OF THE NIGHT

The champion tells his own story—the progress of a frightened boy from the darkness where he found comfort to the spotlight where, as a man, he is still struggling for ease. The first of three parts from his autobiography by I LOYD PATTLERSON

I can never forget the dream. I sleep a lot and I dream a lot, but this was different because it was the night before I fought Ingemar Johansson the second time and that made the difference.

You've got to understand how it is—being the heavyweight champion of the world and then not being the champion. You've got to be able to feel what it means to be somebody—to belong and then suddenly you don't belong, and you wonder whether you ever were meant to be a human being other people can look up to.

That's how it was that night in my dream. I could see Ingemar throwing the jab and the hook. I could see him letting the right hand go and doing many things. I could see myself doing many things, but never once did I get to the end of the dream. I never wanted to see the end. I just wouldn't let it end.

That dream haunted me all the next day while I waited in my hotel room until we were ready to leave for the Polo Grounds for the fight.

That second fight against Ingemar was the crisis of my

continued

grown-up life. If ever I was in danger of becoming the mixed-up kind of person again that I used to be as a kid that was the point.

The morning after the fight I opened my eyes, and the sun coming through the venetian blinds dazzled me momentarily. Temporarily I was back again with the dream of the night before that I would not let end. Suddenly I realized that the dream had ended. "I'm the champion," I said to myself. "I won last night."

I remembered the terrible anguish and shame at having been beaten the year before. I remembered the darkness in all the rooms I had sat in and the silence I'd allowed to press in on me and the many questions about myself I'd deliberately avoided answering.

I remembered Ingemar lying there in the ring, his leg quivering, and I was scared. I thought I hurt him real bad. I never saw anybody shake like that. I was frightened.

Most of my life I had been frightened by one thing or another. As a child I was never at ease at home or in school or in the streets.

I can't remember ever having any fun at all, or even laughing until after I was placed in the Wiltwyck School for Boys. That was in September 1945, when I was 10. I hated laughter, because it seemed no matter what I did everybody always was laughing at me. They'd laugh at the dirt on my face and the torn, shabby, oversized clothes I wore and the way I couldn't read or write or answer a question in school or even talk to somebody when they talked to me.

The day was a nightmare. When the light came, fear came. I just naturally took to the night. That's when I'd prowl through the streets of Brooklyn, wander through alleyways and around dark corners. During the days there were cellars to hide in or the protection of the darkness in movie houses like the Banko, Regent and Apollo, and then there was always the subway when I played hooky from school.

First I'd ride the Eighth Avenue line from one end of it to the other, up and back, up and back, all day long, but then I discovered this little room just off

the tracks past the end of the station at High Street.

It was a hole in the wall where the subway workmen would keep their tools. There was a metal ladder to get up into it, and once you were in you locked the door behind you and there was total blackness. There was no noise except when the trains went by. It became my cave, my hideaway, a safe hole in the wall away from the bitterness of the world. I'd spread papers on the floor, and I'd go to sleep and find peace.

In my waking life there had never been peace. I was born on January 4, 1935 near Waco, N.C., where my father worked as a laborer for the Seaboard Railroad. When I was a little over a year old my folks moved north to Brooklyn. That became home, but home was always another place after a short while. I remember six or seven of the flats in which we lived, but maybe there were more. They always were in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, which was the kind of place the writers mean when they speak of an asphalt jungle. It was always a cold-water, four- or five-room railway flat, sometimes with a coal stove in the front, sometimes with a small oil heater in the back. The only windows were in the rooms in the front and the back, and it was always too hot in the summer, too cold in the winter and never big enough.

My father, Thomas, was in his early 40s then. He worked on construction gangs, as a longshoreman, in the Sanitation Department, as a truck helper in the Fulton Fish Market. He'd come home so tired and so frustrated that sometimes he wouldn't even eat. He'd lay down on the bed and fall asleep in his clothes. He'd even work at another job on Sundays to make a few more dollars. On Friday I'd watch him come home and put his hard-earned money on the table for my mother, and I began to feel ashamed, even at that early age, of eating there. I felt like a freeloader.

It could be that's why I started staying away from home at nights. I know now how my mother worried, but at that time all I could think of was there'd

a continued

don't just do it —overdo it

When you take it easy, take it easier than it's ever been taken before.

Can you imagine Bob Cousy, director general of both the Jantzen International Sports Club and the Graylag basketball camp, taking it this easy in anything but what he's wearing here?

Extremely difficult to imagine.

Therefore, this KENMILL "IRISH SWEEPSTAKES" print, specifically designed for over-easying. It is for winners of the Irish Sweepstakes, or for those who are taking it so easy they don't even care if they won.

Bob's shirt and trunks are called the "Horsy Set," and sell for \$12.95. "Horsy Set" is also for women—shirt for \$5.95, one-piece swimsuit \$12.95, two-piece slimmeroo \$12.95.

The Irish Sweepstakes print is by Kenneth and comes in styles for women and girls as well as for men. Photo taken by Tim Kelley at the Jantzen Playhouse

Jantzen
sportswear for
sportsmen

Jantzen Inc., Portland 6, Oregon





BUICK MOTOR DIVISION—GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Buick announces the Skylark Convertible!

Exhilarating as the first, fresh breath of Spring—the daydreamy new Skylark convertible. Buick's happy-medium size version of top-down adventure surrounds you with a luxurious vinyl interior. Front bucket seats. Automatic top. And how this light-hearted beauty moves! With its flashing 190-h.p. aluminum Skylark

V-8 engine with a 4-barrel carburetor. And its choice of standard 3-speed transmission, optional Dual-Path Turbine Drive* or floor-mounted 4-speed synchromesh stick shift*. See this Skylark convertible—and the hardtop Skylark—at your Buick dealer's now. (He's as eager as you for happy Spring trade talk!)

*OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST

ONLY BUICK DEALERS HAVE THE NEWS FOR SPRING!
NEW SKYLARK CONVERTIBLE! NEW BUICK WILDCAT!

BUICK SKYLARK

be one less mouth to feed, one less kid to worry about. When I finally did come home after staying away a night or two, I'd always try to bring something, some fruit or some bottles of milk in a shopping bag—something I stole, but I don't suppose I thought of it as stealing. I don't suppose I thought of anything in the right way in those days.

I never stole money, but I stole other little things. And, of course, as a habitual truant, I was forever getting picked up.

Once I got caught up in the hills in Staten Island, I couldn't have been more than 9 or 10, but I'd taken the ferry there and was sitting on a big rock overlooking a highway at 3 in the morning when I saw lights coming up the road. At first I thought it was just another car, when suddenly a spotlight came on and the beam hit me. I started to run, but the road turned in the direction I was running and they caught me. It was the police. What was my name? What was I doing there? The same questions. They kept me overnight and then sent me to a court in Brooklyn, and my mother had to come and get me.

One day I was walking along the street when some kid ran up to me and thrust a paper sack into my hands.

"Here," he said, excited-like. "Here's some soda for you."

I looked into the bag and there were several bottles of pop. I didn't know him. I couldn't understand why he would be giving me something that was his without my paying for it. I didn't know why I should be selected for a gift. People didn't usually give me something for nothing. I started to run all the way home with the bag. I hadn't gone half a block when a man put his arm on me and grabbed me by the shoulder.

"What you got there, boy?" he said. "It's mine," I said.

He grabbed the bag and looked into it. "Where'd you steal these?" he said. "I didn't. A kid gave them to me," I answered.

"You just robbed the factory down the street. I saw you. Let's go."

He was a plainclothes cop. He dragged me all the way back to the soda plant up the street. They tried to make me admit

there that I had broken into the place and stolen the bottles. I kept telling them I hadn't stolen anything, but the cop started to slap me around and I started to cry.

Suddenly he picked up a wooden crate from the ground and hit me over the head with it. That made me crazy mad. I grabbed another crate and started swing-

ABOUT THE BOOK



These articles are taken from Floyd Patterson's autobiography, Victory Over Myself. Written in collaboration with Milton Gross, it will be published this week by Bantam/Gent Associates (\$3.95).

ing it at him. I tried to kick him and punch him. The cop later told my mother that I was like a wild man screaming and crying and yelling that I didn't do anything. Lucky for me my mother was home then. Luckier still that she was able to persuade the cop that she knew that I was telling the truth because I was crying.

They let me go that time, but another couple of times I wasn't so lucky. Once I broke into the back of a market because I was hungry and had no money. I grabbed two bags, filled them with fruit and went out the way I had come without anybody seeing me. I thought.

A couple of blocks away I sat down on the curb to eat it. I didn't feel I had done anything wrong. In Bedford-Stuyvesant that's the way a kid gets to think. You get out of the neighborhood

and you see so many with so much, but all around you at home so many have so little. The policeman, who came up the street before I had a chance to beat it, didn't think that way. So another line went down on my record along with the ones already there: "Runs away from home . . . Truant . . . Broke into store."

I had a bad record and it caught up with me. I was in court one time, looking down at the floor, and I heard the judge saying words like the law, probation, juvenile delinquency, and all it meant to me was one word: prison.

I felt anger—maybe worse than anger—toward my mother. She could have said yes or no, but she agreed to send me to jail.

"You're going away, Floyd," she told me. "It's going to be a nice place. You'll be able to run and play and do all the things you want to do. I'll come and visit you as much as I can."

That was September 1945. There were seven kids in our family by then. Frank and Billy and especially my sister Deanna seemed sorry to see me go. Sherman, Raymond and Larry were babies. What difference did it make to them? It didn't make much difference to me, either, except that I couldn't think of the Wiltwyck School for Boys being anything but a jail with bars on the windows and guards with guns.

As we were driving up in the car to Esopus, N.Y. I kept my eyes closed, thinking about it. Mr. Cooper, he said his name was, who was taking me to Wiltwyck, kept trying to talk to me, but I wouldn't listen.

It was a 50-mile drive, up the Hudson and over the bridge at Poughkeepsie. At first, as we started from Brooklyn, I was scared. That was normal for me. I never seemed not scared. As mile after mile passed behind us, and I wouldn't talk to Mr. Cooper, he stopped trying to talk to me and I fell asleep, but as the car made a turn approaching Wiltwyck I woke up and all the frightful thoughts came back again.

There were stone buildings, four of them, with white-wood trim, and hills in the background. When I was led into the building I looked around, but there were no bars, no fences, no uniformed

continued



OUT OF THE NIGHT continued

guards. The kids were dressed in clothes that fit. What about me in my raggedy, ill-fitting things, I thought. I'll look as funny here as I did in Brooklyn.

I soon found out different. I saw the school first as a kid in trouble. I see it now as the place where I learned how to live. The school is privately financed, but New York City and New York State help out with funds. Generally there are about a hundred boys being cared for. They range in age from 8 to 12, and most of them are emotionally disturbed one way or other so that, like I was, they are unmanageable at home or in regular schools. Some people would call it a reformatory. It reformed me, but I wouldn't put it in that class.

The school is situated on what used to be farmland—350 acres of an estate that belonged to the Whitney family. There are barns, cows and chickens. There's a kind of a lake in Black Creek where kids can swim and fish. There are four dormitories for the boys, a classroom building, a gymnasium, a craft shop, an art hall and a big dining room.

The boys themselves are in charge of the school bunks in which they deposit their own money. There is a weekly allowance and an opportunity to earn more through special work. There is a canteen which the boys run themselves. A student council is elected and there are different committees, like the food committee, sports committee and job committee. Whatever problems arise among the boys they are encouraged to work out among themselves before reporting them to the counselors at the weekly assemblies.

For a boy like me, a Negro for whom there had been a growing awareness of what a difference in color meant, the interracial activities, whites being treated the same as the colored with no preference at all, this was a tremendous awakening. All religions were represented among the boys, but none was treated better or worse than any of the others. It hadn't been that way in Brooklyn. Deep inside myself I'd kept the bitter

Floyd learned to laugh at Whitney, but cannot recall who he was laughing with here

memory of the first time I was called a name because of the color of my skin.

At Wiltwyck, for the first time in my life, perhaps the only time in my life, it seemed color didn't make any difference.

In the dormitory my cot was between the cots occupied by a boy named Galento and a boy named Saunders. Galento was white, Saunders colored. At first I'd lay there between these two, never saying a word to them, just listening to them talk and kidding around with each other. After maybe a month I wanted badly to do what they did.

Every night, it seemed, just before the lights went out, Galento would throw his pillow at Saunders and Saunders would throw it back at Galento over my head. I wanted to get into it and eventually I did. It was fun. I started to laugh and enjoy myself. There were maybe 40 to 50 Negro boys in the school at the time, 30 or so whites, and they all got along. There were arguments and fights, sure, but never with a vulgar word about a boy's color, never the way it had been in Brooklyn.

One of my teachers was Miss Vivian Costen. She took a liking to me and I took to her. She left the school soon after I did. She died a little less than a year before I won the title. I'll always miss her.

Miss Costen made me feel I was important. She refused to believe that I couldn't learn to read or write. She bought me clothes and gave me little gifts. I had to return that to her in some way, and the only way I knew or was able to was to be what she wanted me to be.

At Wiltwyck there were only seven or eight of us in a classroom. Miss Costen would pick one boy a week to be a special monitor who stayed after class and cleaned the blackboards. She'd always have a bag of candy for him. When I got through with my work she'd say to me:

"Floyd, I think there was a little problem you didn't get. Let me show you how it works." She'd tell me once. If I didn't seem to understand, she'd tell me again, maybe three or four times.

I was a little slow, even with her patience, because in the classroom when

she'd ask a question I still didn't dare raise my hand to answer. One day she asked a question of all the kids. She went around the room asking this one and that one. Everybody answered but me. I said I didn't know the answer. Then she told us the answer. Everybody in the class had been wrong, but the answer I had in my mind was correct, and I had not had nerve enough to say it out loud.

That made me furious. I just stood up and ran right out of that room and down the hall. I could hear footsteps after me, but I didn't care. It was Miss Costen. She took me by the shoulder and lifted my head to look into my eyes. There were tears of shame and anger in them.

"I knew you knew the answer, Floyd," she said. "That's why you're crying. This should prove to you that if you have an idea speak it out."

Something else happened at Wiltwyck, something important, though I didn't realize it then. I got into the ring and boxed another boy for the first time, with gloves on and all.

There were a lot of sports activities at the school. We played baseball and basketball. We went horseback riding. We could swim in Black Creek and fish there. Three or four times a year, though, Mr. Walter Johnson, the executive director of the school and sort of our senior counselor, put on boxing bouts among the fellows.

They practically had to force me to get into the ring. First I watched a couple of bouts before I agreed to fight.

I fought three bouts at Wiltwyck and won them all. The first time I put the gloves on I boxed a boy I knew I couldn't beat. I saw him fight other boys and he was bigger than me. But the strangest thing is that when we put the gloves on he didn't seem to be even as big as I was. I don't say I knocked him around, but the important thing is he didn't knock me around. When it was over he had the bloody nose. He was so mad afterward, too, because he couldn't do with me what he wanted to do. To this day I remember his first name. It was Randolph.

The other kids loved to watch me

box, not that I was so good, but because I was so funny. And what made me feel so good was when they laughed at me in the ring I didn't feel ashamed at all like I used to. Even when I jumped when I threw a punch sometimes. Later on the writers began to call it "the gazelle punch," but I had no name for it or anything. I figured the easiest way for me to get at a guy was to jump up at him and throw the punch at the same time. That way I was flying through the air and punching. The way I boxed I'd miss the punch and land on my head. I must have done that a dozen times, but they had to give me the decision. I landed enough punches to earn it.

I was at Wiltwyck for two years. I was just 12 when I was discharged and allowed to go back to live with my parents and my brothers and sisters.

The next step for me then was to enter one of the "600" schools in New York City. There are 11 of them nowadays, but when I entered the Cyrus W. Field School in 1947 there were only two of them. They were in the experimental stage then. They were vocational elementary schools but the Board of Education also called them Schools of Opportunity. One was uptown at 113 East 87th Street. The other was at 113 East Fourth Street. The one uptown was P.S. 612. Mine was P.S. 614.

Early in my days at P.S. 614, the first term, if I remember correctly, the principal, Alex Miller, interviewed me about my plans for the future.

"I want to fight," I said. "I mean I want to be a professional boxer."

Mr. Miller seemed kind of surprised, although he knew that as soon as school was out each day I'd head for the Grimmer Park Gym on East 14th Street where my two older brothers already were in training.

"Why would you want to do that, Floyd?" he asked.

"It's the quickest way I know to start earning some money to help out my family," I said.

The ambition had been born soon after I had come home from Wiltwyck. My brothers, Frank and Billy, already were working out under Frank Lavelle, who was employed by the U.S. Customs

continued

House as his regular job but trained amateur fighters on the side. At that time they used the Carlton YMCA gymnasium, and when my brothers went there for their gym sessions sometimes they'd let me come along with them.

There was no ring, or anything, just the big gym floor, with squares marked off on the basketball court. In one corner of the big floor there was a speed bag and all over the place fellows were sparring with each other. For a kid my age this looked like fun. Later on, Lavelle trained his fighters in a regular ring. He had worked out a deal at the Gramercy Park Gym at 116 East 14th Street, just a few blocks away from my school. For years after, whenever I thought of it, I spelled it "Gramacy" in my own mind. That's how the painter who printed the name on that door a long time ago spelled it.

By the time I started to go there, the paint had long since peeled off the walls. There were two creaking flights of wooden stairs up past a couple of garbage cans. In the front door there was a square hole covered by chicken wire, and through this hole a vicious police dog would snarl at the first sound coming up the stairs. For a long time Cus D'Amato lived in the back of that gym with that dog as his only companion at night.

Inside it was like a big barn. There was a ring and two heavy punching bags. There was a light bag whose rat-tat-tat sound, as the boxers worked on it for hand speed, always fascinated me. There was a rubbing table, some cracked mirrors on the wall with somebody always shadowboxing in front of them, some showers and a few steel lockers. The windows were always closed, the air always hot inside. It smelled of sweat and the smell seemed to cling to the dirty walls, but I learned later on how much this place helped to keep some kids from the 13th Police Precinct off the streets and out of trouble.

I wanted to learn to fight. But my old-time embarrassment kept me from it for a while. It wasn't the fear of getting hurt. It was the fear of starting something new.

I was only a little past 14, maybe

closer to 15, but I was built well. My shoulders sloped, my arms were long. I thought I was strong, but I didn't know really how long that strength would stay when and if I was hit with a solid punch.

I told Cus D'Amato I wanted to start working out, and he gave me trunks, shoes, socks, foul protector and T shirt. The equipment cost me nothing. I knew the arrangement from my brothers. I could train for nothing and get instruction from Lavelle for nothing, but since Cus had the gym he'd automatically become the manager of any kid who was good enough to turn pro.

It was almost routine for a while after the excitement of that first day. They told me to work on the heavy bag first. They showed me how my feet had to be shifted when I threw a punch. I practiced the jab and how to hold one hand up to protect myself while punching with the other. I tried to do the things I'd seen my brother Frank do, but two weeks after I began my instruction I got into the ring with Frank and learned it isn't so easy when there's somebody hitting back at you.

Frank almost made me quit before I had ever really started. He threw a hard left hook to my head, and I felt like a window shade had come down in front of my eyes. I staggered groggily. My head was spinning and I fell into the ropes. I reached for the ropes and held on to them. I would have fallen down if I hadn't grabbed them. I wanted to get out of that ring as fast as I could.

Right then I was in danger again of turning into a kid who was ashamed of being shown up. It wasn't the shock of the punch so much as the thought that all these years I'd figured I would follow my brothers into boxing, and the first time I got into the ring with one of them I discovered that I couldn't take a punch.

In the dressing room I just sat there with my ring clothes on. I wasn't dazed any more, just hopelessly embittered at my own shortcomings, and I guess I cried.

The next day I almost shivered in anticipation in the classroom. I couldn't wait to get back to the gym. At the same

time I knew I was scared. I was determined to overcome that fear. I kept going back to the gym every day.

Almost six months after I first got into the ring with my brother it was decided that I was ready for my first registered amateur bout. The Empire Athletic Association, a boxing club accredited as a member of the Metropolitan Amateur Athletic Union, was in the Gramercy Gym. All the boys who boxed under Cus and Lavelle fought in the Empire colors, but not all of them were considered ready by January 1950. I wondered for a long time as the *New York Daily News's* annual Golden Gloves tournament approached whether they would enter my name. They did. My debut in the ring was made in the subovice division of the 147-pound class. I was just about 15.

My first opponent didn't show up at the Ridgewood Grove, an old boxing club in Queens, N.Y. I was the winner by default and advanced to a bout at the Downtown Athletic Club.

My first actual opponent was a sailor, older than I, of course, and five pounds heavier. To me, at that point, anybody in the service was a grown man. I was so nervous I didn't know where I was or what I was doing. Cus was in my corner with his brother, Nick, and Lavelle. Every time this guy came near me I started throwing punches, not knowing where they were going or even caring. I don't think I got hit at all. At least in the excitement of it all I don't remember feeling getting hit. Between the rounds they tried to talk some sense into my head about putting what I had learned in the gym into practice there in the ring. I didn't hear a thing they said.

The guy came at me fast in the second round. I continued to flail away. Then an astonishing thing happened. My right hand landed on his jaw and down he went. The referee started to count. I was certain he'd get up. In the movies you'd see cowboys fight and they'd hit each other over the head with fists and chairs and tables, and they'd keep coming back for more. It seemed to me I had just tapped this fellow on the chin, but the referee had counted him out.

I'll always remember it. His name was

Edward W. Wallace, and he represented the Riveredge Athletic and Social Club. My first victory was a kayo in 34 seconds of the second round. It made me feel real good, but it also gave me a false sense of security. A few nights later in that tournament I was beaten. I'll remember that as much as I'll remember my first win, because I learned more lessons in defeat than I did in victory.

The start of 1951 was a big year for me. I had grown, and at 16 I fought in the Golden Gloves Open 160-pound class and won my first amateur title.

Next came the eastern championships of the Golden Gloves. Winners in competition went on to Chicago to fight the western winner for the Inter-City title. I won my second title.

While the other kids my age were having fun going out with girls or going to dances, I'd shadowbox in front of the mirror in the bathroom at home. Or I'd practice jabbing at the string that hung down from the kitchen light. Or I'd blow up a paper bag, hang it from the string and punch at it. I'd even take a pillow, make believe it was the heavy bag and uppercut at it. You can hit a pillow in the middle, and it will double over. Or you can hit it with an uppercut and it will flip back, like a man being knocked out.

Eventually, though, even a kid who is so wrapped up in boxing that he knows little else has got to be with other kids his own age. I had made a friend, a fellow named Freddy Hill. Unlike myself, he was a big talker. He just rattled on and on. He was enthusiastic about everything. He'd talk and talk and talk, and I guess I needed that kind of companionship.

Freddy had a girl. I don't even remember her name, but he'd walk over to see her every now and then and I'd walk along with him. One night there was another girl there. I thought she was awful pretty. When she smiled and her white teeth showed, she looked beautiful. Her teeth were even. Her name was Sandra Elizabeth Hicks. I thought she was about my age—about 16.

Sandra seemed just as shy as I was.

continued

play better golf with a Super Maxfli

DISTANCE. No ball gives you greater distance than the Super Maxfli. Tests prove there is no longer ball.

ACCURACY. No ball plays more accurately off every club because no golf ball is made more accurately.

CONSISTENCY. No ball delivers more consistent performance. Every Super Maxfli, built and tested within exceedingly narrow limits of internal compression, plays outstandingly the same. Stays white longer, too!

You'll never know how good you are until you play a Super Maxfli.



THIS \$2 DEVICE CAN TAKE 9 STROKES OFF YOUR GOLF GAME



With Sav-A-Stroke, the average golfer saves a stroke every other hole, or more, simply by putting better. It's as real as your putter, and it works! The result is a firmer, surer, more accurate stroke and a perfect follow-through. After sufficient practice, you can remove it and enjoy better putting. Use it on the course and start saving strokes with your first game. Just \$2.00, postpaid. Write:

SAV-A-STROKE

Box 2602, Baltimore 15, Md.

automatic
electric-eye
built-in flash
under \$50



Yashica Flash-O-Set fully automatic 35mm camera

You don't have to know how. You simply aim and shoot. New Flash-O-Set takes perfect pictures automatically—black-and-white and color. And you're all ready for indoors, too. New Flash-O-Set has completely built-in flash unit with self-contained reflector for pinpoint-size AG-1 flashbulbs. Less than \$50 (case extra). See your dealer for exact retail price. For details write: Dept. B

YASHICA INC., 30-17 Queens Blvd., Woodside 22, N.Y.
IN CANADA: ANGIOPHOTO LTD., MONTREAL, P.Q.

She had trouble looking me in the eye—as much as I was having looking at her. But I kept sneaking peeks, and I kept coming back.

For a while I contented myself just with walking by her house on Bainbridge Street. My grandmother, Julia Johnson, my mother's mother, lived near by on Bainbridge. I didn't used to see her much, certainly not walking over on my own, but now I started to visit Grandma at her home a lot. She seemed glad to see me. She never asked how come I'd suddenly become so interested in the old folks. Maybe she suspected. I never asked.

Maybe Sandra began to suspect, too, that I wasn't coming by her house so often just to see my grandmother like I'd tell her. More and more I'd see her just hanging around outside near her house, and our conversations became longer and longer. I told her about Wiltwyck and P.S. 64 and how I was getting along in boxing. She seemed truly interested. She thought fighting was dangerous, but she thought it was exciting. It took me a long time before I worked up nerve enough to ask her if she'd like to see one of my fights. She seemed so pleased, but she said she would have to ask her mother for permission to go.

Mrs. Hicks had seen me around often enough by that time. She was an extremely nice woman, who had tried to make me feel at home and at ease. I thought she was one of the kindest women I'd ever known. She looked very much like Sandra, but when Sandra told her about my invitation to go to see me fight, her face kind of changed. She looked a little worried.

Sandra stood there looking at her mother with a funny kind of look on her face. "Say yes, Mamma, please," Sandra pleaded.

"I wouldn't mind so much," Mrs. Hicks said. "but, honey, I don't think Floyd knows so much about you."

Then Mrs. Hicks looked at me, as though she was seeing me for the first time. It was like she was examining my size. I was big for my age. My shoulders were broad. I looked strong.

"Floyd," Mrs. Hicks finally said,

"you're almost a grown man. You're a gentlemanly young man and we've been pleased to have you visit Sandra, but do you have any idea how old Sandra is?"

"Mamma!"

I looked at Sandra. Her face was crinkling up as though she was about to start to cry.

"No, Mrs. Hicks," I answered truthfully. "Sandra and I have never discussed that. I guess she's a little younger than me, but not too much younger."

"Well, Sandra's only—"

Sandra fled from the room sobbing. I could hear her voice from the bedroom.

"Please, Mamma, please. Don't tell him," she called. "Oh please, Mamma. Why do you have to?"

"Floyd," Mrs. Hicks said just the same. "Sandra's only 13 years old."

Well, I couldn't have rushed things anyway as much as I would have liked to. There was always the question of money. You can't take out a girl without it. There was still the question of clothes. I wasn't walking around wearing my father's hand-me-downs any more, but I wasn't a dandy either. My clothes were clean, if old, but not the dress-up kind. And then there was the question of Sandra's faith.

Her family were devout Catholics. I suppose I believed in God, but I seldom went to church. Sandra, in fact, attended the Holy Rosary Parochial School over on Bainbridge Street. During the summer vacation in 1951, I managed to get a job as a delivery boy in a grocery store. Most of my salary, \$17.50, went to my mother for the family, but occasionally I'd get a tip and when I got enough together I'd visit Sandra, or bring her a little gift or we'd take a walk and I'd be able to buy her a box of candy or something.

Christmas was coming and it looked like it would be a blue one. I wanted to pay a real house call on Christmas Day, with gifts in my arms and a nice new suit of clothes on my back. I wanted to buy a present for my mother and for some of my teachers. The thought that I couldn't buy anything for anybody drove me frantic. My brother, Frank, was in the same bad way. Both of us went out looking for work, any kind of

work that would provide a few dollars.

Away out on Long Island there was some building going on, and they were signing on construction gangs. We were hired.

Payday finally came around. All the men lined up and waited for their names to be called. The list of men unpaid kept getting smaller and smaller, but we never heard the paymaster yell "Floyd Patterson," or "Frank Patterson." After a while the paymaster stopped calling any names at all.

I rushed up to him. "You didn't call my name," I said.

"What is it?"

I told him. He ran his finger down a long sheet of paper with a list of names. "I didn't skip you," he said. "You don't get paid today. You get paid next week. We hold back the first week's salary."

"Mister," I said, "Christmas is only a few days away. I depended on this money to buy presents."

"I only work here," he said.

On Christmas night a telegram came to the house from Sandra. "Please come around," it read. "I haven't heard from you in several days. Are you angry with me? I'll wait all night for you, no matter how late you come over."

I was broke, but that telegram really broke me up into pieces. I went into the bathroom, locked the door and cried like a little baby.

Frank tried to console me, but I wouldn't listen. "What can I tell Sandra?" I said. "She bought a present for me, I know, but I can't even buy one for her."

A week later I finally paid Sandra the visit. I was dressed up. I had a present for Sandra and her mother, and I was full of lies about where I had been for all that time and where I had gotten the money.

Whatever was important to Sandra was important to me. I knew she wouldn't push me into becoming a convert to Catholicism, but I told her I'd like to try. One day early in 1952 I met her outside of the Holy Rosary School after her classes for the day were over. She took me by the hand and led me back to the parish house at 141 Chauncey Street. She rang the bell and it was

continued

answered by a tall, partly bald priest who had very blue eyes and a kind-looking face. He was the Reverend Archibald McLeese.

"Father," Sandra said, "I would like you to meet a friend of mine. He wants to talk to you about taking instruction."

I was going on from there to the Gramerey Gym. I had a bag with me and all my equipment. It may seem strange that somebody who would want religion could go out and fight in the ring. I didn't think so. Neither did the priest.

Late in 1951 I went to Cus D'Amato and told him I wanted to begin earning some money in the ring. "You can't turn professional now," he said.

"Don't you think I'm good enough?" I asked.

"Certainly you're good enough," he said. "There are plenty of pros your weight you can take, but you're not going to be rushed. First place, you're too young. Second place, if I'd let you turn pro you wouldn't have a chance to make the Olympic team."

The Olympics didn't mean a thing to me then. You couldn't eat medals, and you couldn't pawn them for much to buy food or clothes or a car or have a little jingling money in your pocket. My big interest still was making some money. I was going to graduate from P.S. 614 by February 1952 and I wanted to begin bringing some money home steadily.

Not even my folks had talked to me about quitting school, but that was on my mind. Somehow, though, I got talked out of it for almost another year. I enrolled at Alexander Hamilton Vocational High School, not too far from my home, to study metal working. I went there one year. By the time that year was over I understood what the Olympics could mean to a young fighter.

When you're rootless and aimless, you're very much like a stray dog roaming the streets. You go one way and then you go another, but you never have any real direction. You never know what you're looking for. I was that way until 1952. Once the talk of the Olym-

continued



For best engine performance—
Quaker State Motor Oil

MADE FROM 100%
PURE PENNSYLVANIA
GRADE CRUDE OIL



CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

At least 3 weeks in advance send us your new address (don't forget your postal zone number) and the mailing label from a recent cover showing the old address. Then look forward to enjoying the newest issue of *SI* the very week you move into your new home.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
540 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago 11, Illinois



Smoke
BOND STREET
the pipe tobacco that stays lit



SURE-FOOTED COMFORT

most flexible, coolest on deck, court campus.

17 Rubber Ave., Naugatuck, CT.



ASK ANYONE
who's been
to Puerto Rico

They'll surely tell you the best-tasting, best-tasting quality rum on the island is

DON Q®

Finest Rum for You

80 Proof, Schieffelin & Co., New York
Also available at 151 Proof



TAIL DRAGGING?



SWAYING ON CURVES? Side sway is dangerous, throws passengers from side to side, causes uneven tire wear. End side sway, give your car that sure-footed sports car feel with Monroe Super Load-Leveler® stabilizing units. They also automatically compensate for the weight of heavy loads to prevent "bottoming" and keep your car on a level keel, for safer, more comfortable driving.

SCRAPING ON DRIVEWAYS? End this common annoyance with Monroe Super Load-Leveler stabilizing units. They're an absolute necessity, with the soft springing, heavy weight and

longer, lower design of many of today's cars. They prevent jarring jolts that can cause car damage and injury. Have a set installed where you have your car serviced. Ask about the Monroe 60-day free ride.



LOOK FOR THE YELLOW AND BLUE

MONROE DEMONSTRATOR BARREL

MONROE MONROE AUTO EQUIPMENT COMPANY • MONROE, MICHIGAN
In Canada, MONRO-MATIC, LTD., Toronto, Ontario. In Mexico, MON-FAR, Box 29156, Mexico City
World's largest maker of side control products including **MONRO-MATIC®** Shock Absorbers

OUT OF THE NIGHT

pics began, however, there was direction.

I left school—but not as a truant. I had had my fill of running out on things as a youngster. But I needed the promise of some kind of steady employment to get my working papers. I had worked off and on during school holidays as a longshoreman, in the Fulton Fish Market and as a helper for my father who drove a garbage truck at the time.

But all of these jobs were temporary. I knew nothing but boxing, so I was in a kind of a trap, until a man named Charles Schwefel gave me a job. He had helped set up New York's "600" schools and was active in organizations for helping youngsters. He assured the school authorities that I would have steady employment in his Gramercy Park Hotel on East 20th Street. I started out as a helper for the hotel's interior decorator. The Gramercy Gym was only six blocks from the hotel. After I worked part of the day I was free to train there. Then came more work and more fights than I ever imagined I could have in one year. I fought 19 times before I made the Olympic team. I knocked out 14 of these opponents, beat four on decisions and one on a default.

At the Olympics in Helsinki, Finland the fights were held in an arena called Messuhalli. I fought a Frenchman named Omar Tebakka first. He went the distance, but I was awarded the decision. The next was a Hollander named Leonardus Jansen. I walked into a real good hook to my chin that shook me up, but I was lucky enough to knock him out. I was so pleased I walked over to shake hands with him and his second. I even shook hands with the referee.

My third bout was against a Swede, Sig Sjölin. I scored three knockdowns in the second round. Instead of ruling it a technical knockout, Sjölin was disqualified for holding.

I was only one bout away from an Olympic gold medal as I climbed into the ring for my final fight against Vasile Tita, a Rumanian. It was over so fast it was hard to realize it. I was warned twice by the referee, a Pole named Neuding. Right off I missed with a left hook, but I moved right back in after him. I hit him with a right hand uppercut direct-

continued

Where are you going this summer?

Historic New England¹



The hazy Southwest²



The storied Southwest³



Canoe Country⁴



Now's the time to read

LIFE'S SEVEN GREAT AUTO TOURS OF THE U.S.A.

Here's a wonderful way to start planning that auto trip you've been looking forward to these long winter months! Now get to all the exciting, enjoyable places you've always wanted to see—Historic New England—the fabled battlefields of Virginia and magnificent Monticello—nature at its majestic best in the Northwest (and a side trip to the Seattle Fair)—the sports- and fun-packed Great Lakes area!

LIFE's beautiful Auto Tours booklet contains all the tour articles that have appeared in this magazine to date, including last week's, on the Great Lakes. (Take a look at it, if you still have it at home.) 100 pages are in color, by 7 of LIFE's greatest photographers—gorgeous pictures of the scenes you'll soon see in person! Complete picture maps, with clear identification of points of interest, numbered auto routes. It will keep you from missing many memorable places off the beaten track. More than 475 major places identified and described. And you'll see in all their glorious color the places you plan to visit, before you go!

The low price of this booklet—only \$1.95 postpaid—will save you many times that much if only one of its hundreds of suggestions proves useful to you! Seven Great Auto Tours of the U.S.A. is just what you need to stop dreaming and start looking ahead to the best vacation trip you ever had. Simply attach your payment to the coupon at the right and send it to us with your name and address, printed clearly. We'll rush 7 Great Auto Tours back to you at once. Send the coupon now!

LIFE, Box T, Radio City Station, New York 19, N.Y.

PARTIAL CONTENTS OF 7 GREAT AUTO TOURS

NEW ENGLAND—400 miles through scenes of Colonial history, scenic spots, founding...
...the...
...the...
...the...

THE SOUTHWEST—1,075 miles near 20 places to stop and view...
...the...
...the...
...the...

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST—Through the land of all sports in search and pleasure...
...the...
...the...
...the...

THE SOUTHWEST—2,000 miles through scenic settings, historic sites, the...
...the...
...the...
...the...

THE ROCKIES—600 miles near the 3 mountain capitals...
...the...
...the...
...the...

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST—When land so rich in beauty...
...the...
...the...
...the...

THE GREAT LAKES—A look at Paul Bunyan, historical fishing, the...
...the...
...the...
...the...

THIS COLORFUL NEW BOOKLET WILL HELP YOU DECIDE—PLAN YOUR ROUTE—KNOW WHAT TO SEE—ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO PACK YOUR FAMILY IN THE CAR AND GO!

ONLY \$1.95

100 PAGES
IN FULL COLOR
• 1 BIG MAP
• HUNDREDS OF PLACES TO GO
• THINGS TO SEE
• AND HOW MUCH THEY COST

Seven Great
AUTO TOURS
of the United States

100 PAGES • 475 THINGS TO SEE AND DO \$1.95

LIFE Box T, Radio City Station, New York 19, N.Y.

Please send me postpaid my copy of LIFE's new booklet, Seven Great Auto Tours of the U.S., 100 pages in color, 7 pictorial trip maps, routes, places to go and see. I enclose \$1.95 in full payment.

Name _____ (please print name)
Address _____
City _____ State _____

TITLEIST

FAVORITE
ON THE TOUR

Overwhelming favorite of professionals and top amateurs in every major tournament this year.

LOOK AT THE RECORD FOR 1962

TOURNAMENT	PLAYING TITLEIST	NEAREST COMPETITOR
L. A. Open	50	27
San Diego	62	22
Cresty	101	69
Lucky	51	25
Palm Springs	187	142
Phoenix	81	19
Tucson	91	15
New Orleans	96	14
Baton Rouge	96	13
PGA Srt.	213	38
Panama	89	12
St. Petersburg	81	20
Oreal Open	67	21
Acala	76	13
Masters	20	18
Houston Classic	46	19
Greensboro Open	91	18
Texas Open	95	19

AND REMEMBER.....NO ONE IS PAID TO PLAY TITLEIST



ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS

Sold Thru Golf Course Pro Shops Only

ly on the point of the chin. His head snapped back. He went down and out. It was over in 20 seconds. How do you describe the feeling somebody like myself can have at a time like that? I'd come up out of the cellars and the sub-way dungeons, and here I was standing on the platform above Tita and the boxer who finished in third place as the winning representative of the U.S. The band was playing *The Star-Spangled Banner*, and a gold medal was placed around my neck on a ribbon. The crowd was cheering. I don't think I ever bowed before. I did this time.

I placed one hand on my stomach and the other on my back the way you see children do it in the movies at a dancing school, and I bent low from the waist.

I'm told that the experts considered our 1952 Olympic boxing team the best the U.S. has ever sent over for the Games. I'd like to believe that. Before we went over to Helsinki, Pete Mello, one of our coaches from the Catholic Youth Organization in New York, predicted we'd win five individual titles. We did. Nate Brooks won the flyweight crown, Charley Adkins, the light welter; I took the heavy middle, Norvel Lee, the light heavy and Ed Sanders the heavyweight.

A few days after my return to New York on August 7, 1952 Cus D'Amato told me I had outgrown his Gramercy Park Gym. I was happy about that, but in a way it was like a kid leaving home for the first time. It was a big step into a bigger world. I could hardly wait to tell Sandra. I had sent her letters while I was overseas, and she was becoming more and more important in my life. A few days later I reported to Stillman's Gym on Eighth Avenue, where the greatest fighters in the world had always trained.

The first time I climbed the dark hall and creaking stairs up to Stillman's I appreciated the difference between being an amateur and being a pro.

One is like a sprint race. You go all out because you know you don't have to go far. The other is like a distance race—you have to pace yourself and look out that your opponent doesn't have too much for you at the finish.

I was only starting out in this race and I knew it.

On September 12, 1952 I fought my first professional bout. My opponent was Eddie Godbold, a seasoned middleweight. It was the semifinal of the opening of the fall boxing season at the St. Nicholas Arena. I weighed in at 164½. It was all very well for the press to comment that Godbold had been hand-picked for my pro debut, but it wasn't that simple.

I wondered if I could go six rounds. I was worried. I was nervous. I left my family's flat early that morning, but my mother stopped me in the doorway. My father had stayed home for my departure. So had my brothers and sisters. They made me feel as though it was my first day going off to school.

At the commission office we were met by D'Amato. A deputy commissioner began to yell: "Preliminary fighters for tonight over here." I got up to go over, but somebody stopped me. The boxing commissioner, Bob Christenberry, wanted to talk to me. Reporters were with him. They asked questions and the photographers were shooting off their flash-bulbs.

I was glad when I finally could get out of there and go off to a hotel for a nap after getting a steak for lunch. At 6:30 Frank and I had to meet Cus at the Gramercy Gym before going uptown.

"It's just another fight, Floyd," Cus said. "You'll lick him easy."

In the dressing room at St. Nick's, I could hardly wait for the bout to start. There was a knock on the door. A guy stuck his head in. "Patterson... ready?" he yelled. I had been waiting for this moment all my life. I was ready. I walked out of the dressing room and through the corridor to the ring. I was wearing my white Olympic robe with the USA emblazoned across the back. It wasn't only the country—it was the whole world stretching out before me.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Patterson gives his own account of the first Johansson fight, when he was knocked down seven times in one round and lost the title.



Uncle Abner and the Babe

by ALICE DOUBLEDAY RHOADES

When my grandchildren finally reach the age of deep and serious concern about life, I am going to choose just the right moment to make a startling philosophical observation.

"My dears," I shall say, "it was your grandmother's vanity and pride that caused Babe Ruth to make off with one of her most cherished possessions."

And then, assuming that no little childish voice will spoil it all with, "But Grandma, who is Babe Ruth?" I will proceed to divulge a carefully guarded secret of my past.

At the age of 10 I was a confirmed braggart. I bragged about my capabilities, my possessions and my baby brother. One day I bragged about my ancestry, and that was the beginning of the whole episode that led to my terrible loss.

It was on the school playground and

our fifth grade girls' gym class was in the midst of a softball game. It was going badly and I was up at bat. That it was the end of an inning should be obvious because, under the playground rules, batting order followed the importance of the players, and the end of the batting order marked the end of the inning. That is, first chosen of the two sides got to be pitcher, second chosen was catcher, then first baseman, second baseman, and third, shortstop, and then all the fielders. And if there were still more players to be chosen, *they* made up what was for some reason called the outfield. They played the fence.

Naturally the best players were chosen first and got the best positions, and naturally I was chosen last and was the farthest out of the outfield. The question as to whether I should be chosen at all had been settled the first day of the

continued

how to enjoy YOURSELF without trying



Simply come to Estate Good Hope—an intimate sort of resort in the cool, old, Danish atmosphere of St. Croix in the Virgin Islands. Slow down to an easy life of swimming, sunning, and exploring this fascinating island. Here enjoyment comes naturally. Rates from \$17.50 per person, double, Full American Plan. For reservations see your travel agent or call New York Reservation Office, Suite 1703, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. Telephone: Circle 6-6820.

ESTATE
Good Hope

ST. CROIX • U. S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Whether you're entering a new **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** subscription, or renewing a current one . . . remember, the longer your subscription runs, the more you save!



IN MAINE'S
LOVELIEST LAKE
AND MOUNTAIN
COUNTRY



Here, in "the last true frontier on the Eastern Seaboard," a luxury hotel on its own 1200-acre resort estate, provides everything you're looking for. The greatest hunting and fishing, private golf, tennis swimming pool, boating, lake and stream fishing. Accessible by car, train or plane. June-September.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or Rob't. F. Warner, Inc., 630 5th Ave., N.Y.
JU 4-0000 6-4500
also in

Boston, Washington, Chicago, Toronto, London



Mischievous CARIBBEAN

Antigua Barbados Trinidad

Tobago Jamaica

Grand Cayman Puerto Rico St. Thomas

St. Kitts Guadeloupe

Dominica Martinique St. Lucia

St. Vincent Grenada

The islands where the fun comes from... Discover them now. Fly British West Indian Airways to delightful Antigua... Charming Barbados... Enticing Trinidad on money-saving summer excursion fares now in effect. See your travel agent, any BOAC office or, in Florida, BWIA-Miami.

BWIA
BRITISH WEST INDIAN AIRWAYS



Remember this?

A Campaign ribbon. Vivid reminder of services rendered in battle theaters all over the world. Remember? If you do... you remember those vital times out of battle... at the USO. The USO—still serving our armed forces. 2½ million men and women all over the world who look to the USO for friendship... recreation... a measure of home to fight the loneliness. President Kennedy summed it up this way: "Winning the peace is a lonely battle." Support the USO through your United Fund or Community Chest.



USO

The Babe *continued*

school term when one captain, no doubt with her mind bent on winning the game, had complained, "Do I have to choose Alice Doubleday?" And Miss Harrington had answered, "You have to keep on choosing until every last girl is on a team, I don't care who she is."

So I stood up to bat, last in the batting order with two down and me to go. The ball was pitched at me three times, and three times I shut my eyes tight and swung with all my might. The inning was over; our team took the field. I skipped along beside Myrtle, the captain, and tried to think of some apt remark, preferably in the sports area, that I could make to erase the scowl on her face. I blurted out the only important sports fact that I knew. I said, "My great-great-uncle Abner Doubleday invented baseball." She scarcely paused as she took her position on the mound. "I'd rather be able to play the game than have an ancestor who invented it." Then, more forcefully, she said, "Why do you always have to be on my team? Why don't you go over on the bench and be sick or something?"

I said, "Why, I like to play. I love baseball."

She said, "Yeah? Well, if you like baseball so much, why don't you learn to hit the ball?"

"I can't see the ball."

"You could see it if you didn't shut your eyes every pitch."

"I have to shut my eyes. The ball comes too fast. It might break my glasses."

Myrtle apparently gave me up as hopeless, for she never discussed my athletic ability again, but our conversation forced me into an action that otherwise I never would have taken. Having bragged that my Uncle Abner invented baseball, and having bragged that I was myself enamored of the game, and having met with stony disbelief, I had something to prove myself.

When we had all filed back into the schoolroom, Miss Harrington read from a note in her hand: "All those who wish to attend the baseball game at Herkey Park will now be excused." About three-fourths of the class arose and left the room. I was with them. My reasons, actually, were mixed. It was 2:30, and if I could get away from school one hour early, even if I had to go to a baseball game to do it, I was ready. Besides that, I had learned that a man by the name of



Babe Ruth was to play on the town team and that he was so important to the game of baseball that this was the sole reason we children were allowed to miss part of the school day.

I carried with me my composition book and my new gold-banded fountain pen just given me for my birthday. I was going to play the role of ardent baseball fan to the hilt. I was going to get Babe Ruth's autograph.

In those days, it was the custom with baseball players to augment their income between seasons by barnstorming. The Babe was then at the height of his fame, and the ball park was packed with enthusiastic fans, not so much of the team as of the famous home-run king. We children were herded into a section behind the home-team bench.

I opened my composition book and brought out my pen.

"What are you doing with your school books?" said Myrtle disgustfully. "Are you going to do your homework here?"

"This isn't my homework," I said, "I'm going to get Babe Ruth's autograph."

Myrtle said with tired conviction, "You don't have the nerve."

Up to that moment, Myrtle was right. I didn't have the nerve to approach so famous a man especially since I could see the long line of players I would have to waltz past, but now I knew my course was inevitably set. I unscrewed my pen and set the cap on the end. I stood up and looked at the bleachers full of fifth-graders. Cries of "Get one for me, Alice," and "Me too, me too," made my head reel. Recklessly, I promised them all.

I made my way along the chicken-wire

backstop until I came to the gate. No guard was there to bar me, so before my courage could desert me I lifted the hook and walked in. But when I reached the bench I had to stop at the first player and ask, "Which one is Babe Ruth?" This seemed to be vastly humorous. Everybody laughed heartily, and someone pointed to the end of the bench. With as much composure as I could manage, I approached the great man who sat apart, his hulking body looming over little legs. He had a big ugly face and a very wide nose, but his eyes were kind, and he said, "You want to see me, sister?" I held out my composition book and my pen. "Here," I said, and then I could not utter another word, the moment became suddenly too overwhelming. On the other side of the fence my classmates were crowding and trampling one another, trying to see over each other's shoulders as the great man signed his name. He wrote slowly and carefully in a beautiful, even hand. He finished with a flourish and, smiling, handed me my book and pen.

"There you are, sister," he said, "Now don't go home and sell it."

I hesitated, thinking of the extravagant promises I had just made and then

I handed it all back. "Write some more," I said, "Write on all the lines."

The Babe's jaw dropped as the other players burst into loud guffaws. But he wrote methodically and sweepingly all the way down the page, even skipping every line so that the autographs could be cut apart.

When he finished a second time his face was a little drawn. "That O.K. now?" he said. Unsmiling now, he handed me my composition book, capped my pen and, absentmindedly eyeing the outfield, felt in the direction of his shirt and slipped the pen into his pocket.

I stood aghast. My pen! My birthday pen! With the gold band, and my name, Alice, engraved on it! How would I ever scrape up the courage to ask for my own pen back? While I hesitated, the Babe looked at me with much less encouragement than he had at first. "Something else on your mind, little girl?" he said, and there was just enough coolness in his voice that I shook my head. "No sir," I answered, "Thanks. Thanks ever so much, Mr. Ruth." I walked backwards to the wire door, hoping he would suddenly notice my pen in his pocket and call me back, but he never did.

When I got back to the bleachers I

tore out the page from the composition book and just handed the whole thing to Myrtle and told her to divide up the autographs herself. I was sick at the loss of my pen and worried about the way I was going to admit that loss at home.

But I had not reckoned with the great name of Babe Ruth. When, next day, fully expecting a scolding at the very least, I confessed the matter to my father, I found that seizure of my property by the home-run king had some element of glamour to it. My father was not only not angry, he was highly amused and, apparently, even a little pleased. Furthermore, he insisted on my repeating the story on every occasion until all our friends and relatives knew of it. As for me, I did not forgive Babe Ruth for many years, and my only consolation for a long time was to go over in my mind an imaginary scene back in the Babe's dressing room when he discovered my pen in his pocket. With what chagrin he would clap his hand to his brow and exclaim, "Where did I ever get hold of this fine new fountain pen with the solid gold band around it?" For the Babe was, they said, in spite of his rough appearance, a man of considerable esthetic tastes.

END



NO DANGER! CASTROL AT WORK

Camshafts—like all the moving parts of your engine—are safe when you lubricate with Castrol.

One of the first motor oils made exclusively for automobiles and still the finest, Castrol reduces camshaft wear, helps keep the engine in peak condition.

That's why 7 out of 10 sportscar competition drivers insist on it for top racing performance.

Why more fine car manufacturers recommend Castrol than any other motor oil in the world.

So why don't you shop for Castrol?



IF IT'S RECOMMENDED FOR THE FINE CARS IT MUST BE WORTH SHOPPING FOR!
Check your Yellow Pages for your nearest Castrol dealer



Today, you can get this auto seat belt for \$5.95 each at most Chevron Stations, installed free.

Why? Simply because Chevron believes that seat belts belong in your car and in every car.

Is this a good deal? Yes, it is. Many have paid \$12.95 for this same belt, plus installation.

Chevron makes no profit on these belts. We want you to have them because we know they can save lives. 5,000 a year, agrees the National Safety Council. One of them could be yours. Here's something else to think about. The Council estimates your chances of serious injury in an accident are cut 33% by wearing a seat belt.

These belts that your Chevron Dealer is offering exceed the tough GSA safety requirements set by the U. S. government. They're made by

Davis Aircraft of rugged 100% Caprolan® nylon. They have comfortable, quick-opening buckles of strong aircraft aluminum. And they're adjustable to fit any car, any person.

Seat belts save lives. Seat belts belong in your car. If you haven't got them, have your Chevron Dealer put in a set of these belts this week. For your own sake, don't put it off.



At the sign of the CHEVRON we take better care of your car

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

After hitting four homers in the first 25 games, Detroit's Dick Brown hit two in one day, prompting him to say, "Home runs are funny things." They did not seem so funny to Manager Bob Scheffing, whose pitchers gave up 11 of them. There is more to baseball than homers, though, as Boston learned. Red Sox pitchers gave up only five, and their teammates hit nine (their best output since late last August). Carl Yastrzemski hit 423 and had eight RBIs and Pete Runnels batted 480. Despite all this, Boston lost five of six. After giving up a key hit because he tried to overpower a batter, Dick Rudez explained, "My body got ahead of my head." New York's Marshall Bridges kept his head in the right place. Bridges collapsed after being struck on the chin by a line drive, but Cleo Boyer fielded the career and got the runner at first. Other Yankees did not fare so well. Mickey Mantle tore a thigh muscle, Luis Arroyo had hit arm pains, and Whitely Ford lost twice in one week for the first time since June 1960. Still, there was room for optimism—by Cleveland GM Gabe Paul. He pointed out that no Yankee farm team was higher than sixth place. His Indians were tied for first with the Yankees, thanks largely to Dick Donovan's seven wins. Chuck Essegian (called Ben Casey by local fans) had five homers, nine RBIs and hit .455. In all, the Indians hit 17 home runs, including a 460-footer by Gene Green. Because of several hard slides, Ty Cline's leg was purple from the knee to the hip. Kansas City pitchers looked even worse, they were battered black and blue (542 season ERA). A new trait, however, awaited a few, a very few, players. After their road trip a box of 500 cigars will be given to each winning pitcher and each home-run hitter, compliments of Owner Charles D. Finley. Since the start of this incentive program the team has won four, lost eight. If such an offer had been made to Boog Powell of Baltimore he would have enough cigars to last until midseason. Powell hit four homers. Brooks Robinson had a 435 BA and 10 RBIs. Hoyt Wilhelm, best reliever in history (486 appearances), won twice and cut his ERA to 1.59. But it was Powell's hitting (.550) that earned the Orioles to fourth place. One homer came against former teammate Dean Chance of the Angels. Remembering that Chance had once said he would never throw him a fast ball, Powell waited for a slider and hit it out of sight. Chicago batters had a hard time

hitting the ball out of the infield in their final three games, batting .196. A Comiskey Park scoreboard page said that the White Sox led the AL in fielding. As if on cue, the White Sox immediately batted up two successive plays. Minnesota took advantage of errors by other teams and solid hitting by Vic Power (444 BA and 10 RBIs) and Harmon Killebrew (three HRs) to win four of five and stay in third. Washington also stayed put—in last place. A couple of college graduates—Dave Stenhouse of Rhode Island and Pete Burnside of Dartmouth—each won his third game. Not since Bernie Darnell won on Opening Day have the Senators had a victory by a right-hander. Twenty-seven pitchers were used by Los Angeles. They allowed 63 runs a game, but still the Angels advanced to fifth place.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Los Angeles got the most out of its scoreboards, if not its players. First the words to such songs as *Shine On, Harvey Moon* would appear and the fans would harmonize. Then a message would say, "Welcome, Anaheim Retail Grocers." The Dodgers themselves did not display nearly so much versatility. There were two major shortcomings: no pitcher could go nine innings, no one could hit a home run. Just 400 miles upstate in San Francisco there were no such woes. Pitchers went all the way four times, and batters hit eight balls where no fielder could catch them. Even the Giants' schedule looked good: 16 straight games against the Cubs, Mets and Phillies. Chicago, in spite of 17 homers and 42 runs, could not get out of the cellar. George Altman (440 BA, six HRs and 11 RBIs) and Ernie Banks (481 and four HRs) did a lot of hitting. It was the Cub pitchers (25 of them) who were at fault: they gave up 70 hits and 35 runs.



CHICAGO SOPHOMORES among the leading hitters of majors were Billy Williams (.344) of Cubs and Floyd Robinson (.351) of White Sox.

Coneh El Tappe was assigned to chart every pitch. He was appalled. "Don Cardwell threw Tony Gonzalez nothing but fast balls his first three times up," Tappe said. Gonzalez hit a three-run homer. "Don Elston," Tappe continued, "threw three spot pitches to Wes Covington when he should have been gunning the ball." Covington hit a two-run double. Barney Schultz, though, won twice in relief and tied an NL mark by appearing in nine straight games. Ron Santo, who gave up drinking milkshakes to cut his weight, was tied at shortstop. Philadelphia's Jack ("I've got to pitch every day") Baldschun pitched in just five of seven games and lost twice. Bob Dillig got to play for the first time, but between games of a double-header his catcher's mitt was stolen. Houston catchers also had trouble over steals. Thirteen opponents, including record-stealers Orlando Cepeda, Harvey Kuenn and Charlie Hiller, stole bases against them. Poor clutch hitting also hurt. Although their opponents had only seven more hits than the Colt .45s, they scored an added 19 runs. Norm Larker was hitting .065 at home, .461 away. Pudge Bennett was happy, though. "My 13 years in the minors are worth this one year up here," he said. One man who was not so good-natured was Freddie Hutchinson, the Cincinnati manager. "He came out to the mound and told me 'off poed,'" Jim Brosnan said. "It helped me concentrate." The Reds, winners in 12 of their last 15 games, also got good pitching from Bob Purkey, who won his seventh straight. Vada Pinson's 12 homers and rousing 709 slugging percentage have also helped. What went right for Cincinnati went wrong for Pittsburgh—until a fan gave Manager Danny Mortengau a foot-long spoon and a gallon of "tong." The directions read, "One tablespoon before each game for each: Praise, four for Dick Stuart." That night Stuart, a .224 hitter, got a home run and a double. Milwaukee needed more than a tone. The Braves, batting .246 and lodged in seventh, split six games. Only three games back was New York, which won three 6-5 games. Bob Gibson of St. Louis beat the Giants 1-0. "He's the fastest I've seen over nine innings since I've been in the league," Stan Musial said. Later Musial set an NL record with his 3,431st hit. **END**

THE SEASON (through May 29)

	BEST	WORST
Batting (AL)	Ammer, KC .285	Adair, Bal 127
Batting (NL)	Baker, SF .345	Bel, NY 211
Team BA (AL)	Wagner, LA 10	Richards, NY 3
Team BA (NL)	Casper, AL 10	Casper, AL 10
HR (AL)	Pruitt, Cle 12	Wills, LA 9
HR (NL)	Casper, AL 12	Casper, AL 10
ERA (AL)	Stashenko, Nats 0.87	Ryan, KC 6.40
ERA (NL)	Fairall, Root 1.88	Rehder, Cle 7.50
Team ERA (AL)	Minnesota .46	Rehder, Cle 7.50
Team ERA (NL)	San Francisco .46	Pittsburgh 24
Team ERA (NL)	Nation City .18	Washington 112
Team ERA (NL)	San Francisco .234	Pittsburgh 128
Team ERA (NL)	Kansas City .28	Baltimore 224
Team ERA (NL)	San Francisco .245	New York 248
Team ERA (NL)	Kansas City .28	Cleveland 3
Team ERA (NL)	Los Angeles .31	2 wins 8

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PLENTY OF MUSTARD

Sirs: Walter Bingham's story on baseball's colorful "hot dogs" (*Players with Mustard*, April 30) made me smile in full agreement. The paragraph about Bobby Bragan reminds me of an incident that shows how much the trend toward conformity has advanced in recent years. After Bragan had his run-in with the ump and was fired for having the temerity to clown things up a little, I wrote a sports column for the *Rocheveter* (Minn.) *Post-Bulletin* in which I praised Bragan for providing a little color. The boom was promptly lowered on me. Judging by the reaction from the top echelon, I was practically advocating the overthrow of the great national pastime. What a lousy conforming world this has become. I wouldn't walk a block to see Harmon Killebrew hit a home run but I'd drive 75 miles to see Vic Power in action at first base.

Thanks for the good reading.

HAROLD SEVERSON

Kenyon, Minn.

Sirs:

I agree 100%. I have been a baseball fan since I was knee-high to a started duck (I am now 68 years old) and I really miss the colorful players. Whoever is responsible has taken something valuable away from the game.

R. J. NORRIS

Portland, Ore.

Sirs:

You have hit upon the key to baseball attendance. I wish the commissioners, managers, and front-office people would read this story and become more lenient toward players who make the game more interesting.

ELKAN M. KATZ

Baltimore

Sirs:

The article referred to the pantomime Gil Hodges put on for the people of Japan. I would like to bring to your attention the fact that Gil deliberately put on this act as a diplomatic gesture. A Dodger was called out on strikes and threw his helmet at the dugout in frustration. Because players rarely argue with the umpire in Japan the people were horrified. The Dodgers would have lost tremendous fans if Gil hadn't done what he did. Please print this to show what a great man he truly is.

RUSTY WYKES

Hayward, Calif.

Sirs:

A great many Phillies fans will remember Harry (The Hat) Walker. No one who saw Harry will ever forget the ritual of first touching the tip of the hat, then the button and, finally, stepping into the batter's box. If the pitcher was alert enough he might get the ball in, but if not Harry would be out of the box and fooling around with his hat again. I say hats off to ballplayers like this.

JACK SHEPPARD

Toledo

COLLISION INSURANCE

Sirs:

Now that Minnie Minoso has suffered grave injury because of his collision with an outfield wall (*BABWALL'S WIFE*, May 21), isn't it about time the owners started to hang pneumatic cushioning in their parks?

Pads could be made of rubberized fabric (like aviation life rafts) and hung from hooks on the outfield walls. They would prevent costly injuries.

AUSTIN C. DALEY

Providence, R. I.

● That tireless old innovator, Branch Rickey, padded the fences at Ebbets Field in 1942 to keep Pete Reiser, a habitual wall-bumper, from killing himself. Most park owners have contended themselves with gravel paths around the outfield to warn impetuous fielders of impending danger.—ED.

HALLELUJAH CHORUS

Sirs:

After reading Roger Williams' report on Whitney Reed (*Hallelujah, He's the No. 1 Tennis Bum*, May 7), I was swept with a violent wave of nausea. If this is the No. 1 product of the U.S. amateur tennis system, I submit that the explanation for our international tennis fiascos of recent years is readily apparent. When the motivation of our top tennis player is no more than a desire to capitalize on his ranking, then the system is certainly to be indicted.

It seems logical that the Davis Cup will return to the U.S. only when we upgrade and rigidly supervise the moral standards, physical training and motivation of our tennis players. Let's stop this lallygagging with these playboys and get down to the serious business of producing American tennis players worthy of mention in a national sports magazine.

RICHARD R. RILEY, M.D.

Kanab, Utah

Sirs:

Roger Williams' article is a well-written caricature of America's ideals as represented in her top-ranked tennis player. How proud we can be of the leadership of the USLTA!

ARTHUR GRIFFIS

Washington, Pa.

QUIST MEN

Sirs:

As a male I am disappointed in the males who run *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

As a rule you do well by golf tournaments. The coverage you gave the Masters at Augusta, Arnold Palmer's "charge" and Gene Littler's comeback was commendable. But what have you done now? Like many other males you decided to ignore Mickey Wright's "charge" at Augusta when she shot her three-under-par 69 to wrest the championship of the women's Titleholders tournament from Ruth Jensen, who shot a par 72.

GEORGE CLOSSAY

Augusta, Ga.

Sirs:

I was so impressed with Mickey Wright's article on *How to Hit as Far as a Man* (Feb. 19). Why don't you follow it up and have Mickey give instruction on the iron?

MRS. M. EDEY

Charlewood, Man.

Sirs:

Bravo! It's about time we heard something about Gene Littler (*Lead Note from the Quist Man*, May 14).

STEPHEN STALB

Gilencoe, Ill.

ROOM AT THE TOP

Sirs:

Concerning your article on track (*The Battle to Win the Thinking Man's Race*, May 14), we feel that you made a serious and unforgivable omission in your listing of America's top nine college mile-relay teams. Your oversight of Villanova's freshman mile-relay team is one of the best only slightly exhibits the lack of knowledge of your track editors. But the omission of Villanova's varsity adds a mockery to the article. If you are planning to count this team out, we suggest that you refrain from making any predictions at all as they might prove quite embarrassing.

PAUL W. CHIPILLO
WILLIAM P. BRENNAN

Villanova, Pa.

continued

MEN!

Here's deodorant protection YOU CAN TRUST



Old Spice
STICK
DEODORANT

In
plastic!

Fastest, neatest way to all-day protection. Old Spice Stick Deodorant glides on smoothly, speedily; is never sticky and dries in record time. The active deodorant for active men... absolutely dependable. 1.00 plus tax

also available in Canada

SHULTON

19TH HOLE Continued

Sirs:

You're at it again. On the eventful day when Oregon defeated USC (*A Long Throw Snaps a Long Snag*, April 30) there was another track meet—UCLA vs. California. Granted UCLA won hands down but a sophomore, Gene Johnson of Berkeley, high-jumped seven feet. He is the fifth man in the U.S. to clear that height and the first to do it using the difficult and outdated western roll. Did good ol' SPORTS ILLUSTRATED say one little word about it? You did not. If it wasn't for the fact my husband is the subscriber I'd cancel.

MANIHE BROBACK

Newport Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate Roy Terrell on his fine article about Oregon. It is about time someone recognized Bill Bouerman's great ability as a coach. Anybody who can produce runners the caliber of Dyrol Burleson and Jim Gailie has got to be the best.

STUART BUNNELL

Lake Oswego, Ore.

TROUBESOME TROUT

Sirs:

The thrill of landing a fighting "Brookie" out of a crystal-clear, spring-fed mountain lake and subsequent enjoyment of its delicious pink flesh pan-fried in butter has been irrevocably marred by your article *The Tumbous Trout* (May 14).

You have injected a note of apprehension into the sport of fishing, man's last trouble-free refuge in this anxiety-ridden world.

GEORGE KOMARSKI

Amsterdam, N.Y.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Time & Life Building Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: Charles A. Adams, General Manager. Mail subscription orders and all correspondence or instructions for change of address—accompanied by address label from cover of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—Send to: Sports Illustration Subscription Service, 340 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. Change of address: Always send old address label from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED cover and new address (with new number if any). Please allow five weeks for changeover. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr. \$6.75. All other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$8.00.

Time Inc. also publishes TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM, HOME & HOME and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the International editions of TIME and LIFE. **Chairman of the Board:** Andrew B. Keeler. **Chairman, Executive Committee:** Roy E. Larsen. **Chairman, Finance Committee:** Charles L. Sullivan. **President:** James A. Lomen. **Executive Vice President and Treasurer:** D. W. Brumbaugh. **Senior Vice President:** Howard Black. **Vice President and Secretary:** Bernard Bannet. **Vice President and Assistant to the President:** Arnold W. Carlson. **Vice Presidents:** Edgar B. Baker, Clay Buckholz, Allen Grover, C. D. Jackson, Arthur R. Murphy Jr., Ralph D. Paine Jr., P. I. Prentice, Wayne C. Fulton Jr., Controller and Assistant Secretary: John F. Harvey. **Assistant Controller and Assistant Secretary:** Charles L. Glasgow Jr., **Assistant Treasurer:** W. G. Davis. **Assistant Treasurer:** Egon S. Ingelf, **Assistant Treasurer:** Richard B. McKenough.



© 1965, Robert M.

Write at hand Within fingertip reach the Sheaffer Desk Set holds a superb fountain pen, always ready to write. Smoothly and easily, it captures the distinctiveness of a man's signature and increases the individuality of his personal notes. Even when not in use, it rests at an exclusive writing angle, poised for action. No executive should be without one (and, happily, very few are).

SHEAFFER'S

Why Sheaffer's? For one thing, Sheaffer's exclusive airtight socket keeps the 14-karat gold point always properly moist for instant writing. Get all details and free, full-color catalog. Write today to W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company, Department SI-5, Fort Madison, Iowa. (Sheaffer Desk Set illustrated above, \$45.00 in luxurious Mexican marble.)



*Nothing
matches
this
rich,
luxurious
taste*



A PRODUCT OF  GLENMORE

**KENTUCKY
TAVERN**

America's Best Premium Bourbon